

American Girl

NOVEMBER 1949

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

Turntable Tips

by CARL BOSLER

RECOMMENDED RECORDS

Popular

Just A Gigolo . . . Cross Town Trolley . . . Les Brown . . . Columbia . . . A small matter of clean, sharp ensemble work plus near-perfect intonation accounts for that brilliant, distinctive sound of the Brown crew. Few bands have ever achieved it. "Gigolo" is marred slightly by a boppish vocal, but the rest of the recording is so fine this can be forgiven. The reverse is a humorous bit with commuter conversation and sound effects.

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"A" Yore A-Dopey-Gal . . . Red Ingle . . . Capitol . . . A bright spot of satire by the madcap maestro of corn as he makes a shambles of a recent hit. Red and his Natural Seven hurl humorous insults in wild profusion for a new high in merry-making.

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Rum and Soda . . . Don't Slam the Door . . . Noro Morales . . . MGM . . . If you like your south-of-the-border music with a "Yanqui" twist, listen to these good-humored, comedy-flavored ditties. The Heathertones take care of the fast-moving vocal chores which are nicely accented by Noro's crisp Latin rhythms.

Tall Tales

Bugs Bunny in Storyland . . . Capitol . . . Not only does the fabulous rabbit outwit farmer Fudd as usual but, after a series of amusing adventures with several familiar nursery-rhyme characters, he deals a wicked blow to the designs of Red Riding Hood's ever-hungry wolf. This is another Capitol record-reader with twenty pages of text and

(Continued on page 39)



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THE American Girl

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Call Me Cleo

by PEARL C. DEGENHART



It seemed she'd hardly closed her eyes when the alarm rang. Five was such a dismal hour!

TRUDIE, clutching the precious letter tight, perched on the hall steps waiting to pounce on her brother Tom. This was crucial, and he had to help. She'd never had a date with a boy. She'd never wanted one until this letter came from the G. G. Club.

The front door slammed, and Tom headed toward the kitchen. "Oh, Tom," Trudie called in what she hoped was a sweet, sisterly voice, "I need your help, need it desperately."

He stopped and looked at her with all the scorn a teen-age brother can direct at a sister. "What movie have you seen lately?" he asked.

She started to rasp back at him, then remembered in time, and begged, "Please, Tom." Her voice became solemn and full of awe. "I just received a bid from the G. G. Club. Imagine! The very top girl's club at Fernbridge High!"

"What's so wonderful about that? They're just a bunch of crazy tomatoes."

Anyhow, what's that got to do with me?"

"Well, before I can be initiated I must have a date with a prominent boy at school. It's a kind of test."

Tom looked his utter disgust. "If you think I'm going to date you, you're wacky."

"Don't be sil, Tom. Dating a brother wouldn't be worth anything. All I want you to do is help me get a date with somebody else."

"Me? Not me, sister!" He moved toward the kitchen.

"Wait, Tom," she cried frantically. "I've thought and thought about all the big men at school, and they've all got girls. All, that is, except your friend Bert. He was football captain. That makes him prominent."

Tom turned toward her fiercely. "You leave Bert alone! He's like me. He doesn't like women, and he's my pal."

"You could ask him to take me just to the movies or something, couldn't you?"

JUST FOR YOU

by HARRIET W. WILLARD

Illustrated by Isabel Dawson

CHRISTIE smiled with satisfaction as she glanced around the Sweet Shoppe. There was no sign of the gang. All of the counter stools were empty, and Joe was busily cleaning behind the soda fountain after the lunchtime rush hour. Shaking her head at his inquiring look, she started toward the first booth—and discovered she wasn't alone after all. In the next booth, absorbed in murmured conversation, sat Irma and Jean.

Hoping that she could escape their notice, Christie slid quickly into a booth. Ordinarily she'd have joined the girls, but today was different. She wanted to be alone with Andy when she invited him to the dance. He ought to be here any minute now. He always dashed over to the Sweet Shoppe for a late lunch after the Saturday morning rush at the bakery subsided.

Perhaps she really ought to order before Andy arrived. He'd insist she have something, but he really couldn't afford to treat her all the time. He gave part of the money he earned after school and week ends to the aunt with whom he lived. And, he was saving for college, too.

Christie caught Joe's eye and felt a little glow of pleasure when he promptly reached for a malted glass. It was wonderful to belong so soon. It was only six weeks since her family had moved to Greenfield from the city, but already Joe knew her favorite drink; she was a member of the Girls Galore Club; and—best of all—she had Andy Pemberton for a special friend. They had clicked that first day, when she was assigned to the seat next to him in Lit class.

What a heavenly afternoon lay ahead! First, to invite Andy to the club dance; then to buy a new formal at Templeton's. What more could a girl want? This was really a perfect day.

But suppose someone else had already invited Andy! Christie's fingers tensed at the thought. The dance had only been decided upon last night at the club meeting, but one of the girls might have gone into the bakery early this morning! Maybe Andy already—but, no. She realized, smiling contentedly, Andy would know she intended

to invite him. He just wouldn't accept another—Suddenly, unintentionally, she cocked her head. *What* was Irma saying to Jean? It had been impossible not to overhear vague snatches of their whispered conversation. Subconsciously, Christie had sensed that they were discussing the dance and boys. Who would take whom, and which boys, if not invited by a specific club member, should be given stag bids.

But just now, very distinctly, she had heard Irma mention Andy's name.

"Andy Pemberton!" Irma had exclaimed, and then had come her light, light laugh.

Christie sat motionless. It wasn't a question of listening or not listening. She just waited, frozen by that laugh. "I know." Jean, too, sounded amused. "But should we rule him out?"

"But definitely!" Irma was emphatic. "He'd probably spout poetry when he found the nerve to speak at all. And his dancing! He's all knees and elbows."

That's not true! Christie almost spoke out loud. Andy wasn't a bad dancer—not when he knew a girl, when he felt at ease. As for poetry—he didn't spout. But when he did happen to quote a line, it was always appropriate.

"Besides"—Irma's clear voice came again—"he doesn't have a Tux. And he'd probably have flour in his hair. Imagine working in a bakery!"

That's because he gets more money at the bakery, Christie thought angrily. But you, Irma, wouldn't understand that! And then suddenly, without warning, her anger was replaced by a kind of fear. Did all the girls feel this way about Andy? Irma and Jean were very influential and leaders of the Girls Galore Club.

Granted, they weren't the *undisputed* leaders—several of the girls were beginning to revolt—but nevertheless, they were still the *undefeated* leaders. With their cool, competent poise, their smooth good looks, and generous allowances, they continued for the moment, to reign supreme. They were admired and imitated by half the girls at Greenfield High. Probably, if Irma and Jean felt this way about Andy . . .

"Definitely not!" Irma repeated. "No stag bid for Andy, the baker."

A carbon copy can be the safe, easy choice—but was that right for Christie?



She waved to Joe, who was busy cleaning the counter, and started for the first booth

"Maybe he'll be there anyway," Jean suggested. "Some girl might date him."

"Who would ask him?" Irma scoffed. "Who really knows him? He's always in the bakery!"

I know him! Christie almost turned and shouted her defiance over the back of the booth. But the impulse died swiftly. So the other girls did feel the same way. She hadn't been around long enough to know. No one realized she had been seeing Andy. With his busy schedule and limited allowance, he could seldom take her to the gang's usual hangouts. Mostly they went for walks or sat in her rec room playing records and talking. Somehow, with Andy, that had been as much fun as a grand, expensive date. Naturally, however, she had been delighted when the club decided to have a dance.

But she couldn't ask him now! Her first formal dance in Greenfield! Her first club social function! She couldn't walk into the ballroom with a—a—. To override the little ashamed feeling struggling within her, she tried to picture Andy as he must look to others. He is kind of—different, she reasoned hesitantly. Shy, and kind of awkward, with dark, serious eyes, and the formal manners that came from

being raised by an old-maid aunt. He is unlike the gay, easy boys Irma and Jean date. And his eager attention to her—was it because no other girl would tolerate him? And here she'd been afraid someone else would invite him first!

Frantically she seized her purse and started to slide out of the booth. But she was too late. Andy Pemberton was just coming through the door. He ordered a hamburger from Joe and headed directly for her booth. Irma and Jean must have looked up, for he smiled shyly, almost nervously, in their direction as he slid into the seat opposite Christie.

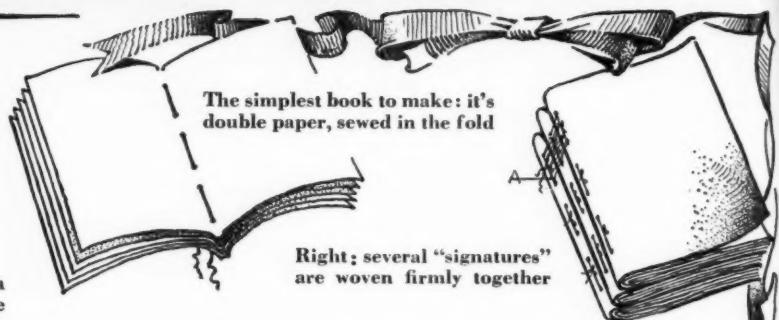
"Hi, Chris. This is luck!" His pleased grin held no trace of nervousness or shyness now. For a moment Christie couldn't speak. She could almost hear the silence in the next booth. Then she summoned a weak smile and stammered, "H-Hello, Andy. How—how are you?"

"Sleepy," Andy declared. "Last night I started to read our next Lit assignment, and I got so interested I couldn't stop. But, say—" he leaned forward eagerly and his dark eyes shone with pleasure—"I found a sonnet you'll really like. It starts off—" He was interrupted by Joe with his order. (*Continued on page 23*)

Dawson



A new hinge, cut from tough paper, is pasted into place

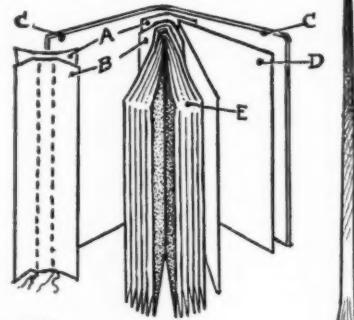


The simplest book to make: it's double paper, sewed in the fold

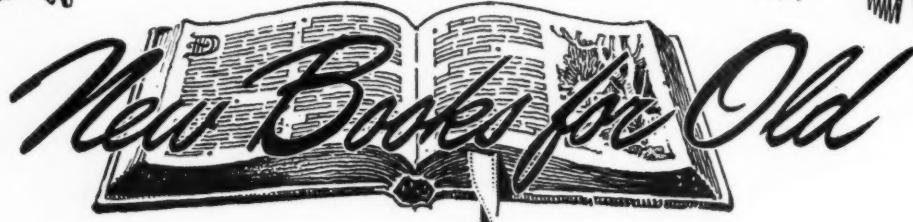
Right: several "signatures" are woven firmly together



To insert your book into cover, sew a double hinge and paste in place, as sketched below



For a homemade cover, try wallpaper over cardboard



THREE'S something wonderful about having your own books—a satisfaction you would have missed if you had lived back in the days when books were written by hand, and each one cost a fortune. Often they were chained in libraries because they were too valuable to be "borrowed." Nowadays we think nothing of having our own books, and sometimes we don't fully appreciate them.

But perhaps you do. Maybe you have kept all your favorites. Then the chances are they're a bit worn and tattered. But there's no need to let them stay that way. Why not fix them up yourself? It's easy if you go about it the right way.

Soiled pages are probably the most obvious fault. A large, soft eraser (art gum or sponge rubber) will clean up your book quickly and well. Be careful not to rub directly over the type, lest you erase the printing as well as the spot. Go through every page of the book, cleaning as you go.

If the paper is not pulpy and absorbent, you can clean especially dirty pages with a piece of cheesecloth that has been dampened with warm water and rubbed lightly over white soap. Put waxed paper between the clean pages and press the book overnight.

If the edges are soiled, close the book, hold it tightly shut, and rub the eraser firmly up and down the edges. If spots remain, rub them lightly with fine sandpaper. What a difference that makes in giving your book a new look! The covers can be "scrubbed" lightly with your soft eraser, too.

Torn margins may be numerous, but there are ways to fix them. If the tear does not affect the printing, cut thin, tough paper (match the book paper as closely as possible) into a strip half an inch wide and a little longer than the tear. Paste the strip over the tear, making sure the torn edges fit together evenly. (A neat way to put paste on the mending strip is to spread the paste on a piece of glass or an old plate, and lay

by MARIE D. LOIZEAUX

Drawings by Laurence Blair

the strip on it. When you lift the strip, just enough paste will remain on it to mend properly.) Trim off the strip if it extends beyond the edge of the paper.

If the tear extends into the printing, another method is better. Take a small amount of paste on your brush. Hold up the torn page, separating the torn edges. Touch both edges lightly with paste, and fit them together. Put a piece of smooth tissue paper over the mended tear, another piece under it, close the book, and put a weight on it. When it is entirely dry, tear away the tissue, carefully pulling toward the tear from each side. You will find the tear hardly shows, and the page is quite strong.

Loose pages may have to be reinserted. This is the simplest way to fasten them: holding up the loose page, run your brush, with a little paste on it, down the loose edge, *on the very edge*. Then press it into the center, close the book, and press until dry.

If a section of several pages is loose, follow the same directions, repeating this process for each double page, pasting along the folded edge, and inserting the pages within one another in their correct order.

If the loose page seems too large and sticks out a trifle when it is inserted, there are two ways to fix it. One is to trim the edges to make the book even. But a better way is to fold the inner margin of the page about one eighth of an inch, paste that turned-over part, and press it into the center of the book. The fold will act as a hinge.

To repair missing corners, try to get a piece of paper as much like the book paper in thickness and color as possible. Lay it under the torn page, and with (Continued on page 36)

They Make Headlines

by JEANE HOFFMAN

Read all about them! Three sports stars with talent and training plus

THREE'S one thing certain. You may have to reach the age of "reasoning" to vote, but there's no time limit on how old or young you have to be to make headlines in sports!

If you consider the fact that three of America's top athletes are girls who aren't out of their saddle shoes yet, it's apparent that sugar and spice are no longer routine stuffings for 1949's brand of female! Instead, talent and training are the ingredients that have put this trio of champions at the top of the list.

Take Barbara Jensen, for instance. At nineteen, this pert curly-haired California swimmer broke the American medley record for the 300 yards, holds the 165-yard individual medley long-course record, the senior national indoor 200-yard backstroke and 300-yard medley titles—not to mention the senior national 100-meter outdoor backstroke and the junior national 200-meter free-style championships—among others! Ready to cry "whew?" That was nothing: as high-point girl in the National Indoor swimming championship last April, little Miss Jensen just about wrapped up the meet singlehanded. She won herself a trip to Europe with diver Zoe Ann Olson as the most promising girl swimmer in the United States, and gave further proof of her prowess by being high-point girl in the Outdoor National Meet in August.

Yvonne Sherman of Jackson Heights, New York, is America's prime hope to become the first American girl to win the world's

World Wide Photo



THE AMERICAN GIRL



Yvonne Sherman, an all-round athlete, was so shy she had to teach herself to "show off" her skating skill

As a child, Barbara Jensen was afraid of the water. Now she's the backstroke hope of the United States



International News Photo

figure-skating championship to be held in London this February. Also nineteen, dark-eyed Yvonne is already North American champion for 1949 (the first United States girl to achieve that honor in twelve years), United States senior national champ, and runner-up in last year's world championship.

Want more? Step up and meet twenty-two year-old Jean Lee of Springfield, Massachusetts, America's outstanding girl archer.

These girls are just three reasons for the suspicion that today's youth is being teethered on sports equipment in lieu of rattles and rings.

Experts agree that girls attain the height of athletic prowess in their teens and early twenties, whereas men are at their peak from twenty-five to twenty-eight years of age. Anything calling for speed—swimming, skating, track, tennis, baseball or basketball—automatically calls for youth.

You can be a little more ancient for golf, archery, or fencing. But to achieve excellence in any sport, the champs are agreed on one prerequisite: start young, before you learn the meaning of fear, and practice, practice, practice! It may mean giving up such luxuries as gooey sundaes and late parties, but look at the reward.

"My mother handed me a bathing cap and instructions to dive into the nearest pool when I was eight years old," (Continued on page 24)

Meet Jean Lee, right, who holds the national women's archery title—and has broken ten U.S. records with a new shooting technique. Shown with her are the national men's and boys' champions, and Betty Bowersock, 15, girls' titleholder

Garnet Lodge

By FRANCES DUNCOMBE

Illustrated by Fred Irvin

The Story So Far: *Jinky's father, Bill Sanders, had spent his entire capital to turn the property left to his wife by her eccentric uncle, Stephen Cromwell, into an inn for skiers. Cousin Larry openly disapproved, but Jinky resolved that Garnet Lodge must be a success. Then disturbing things began to happen. Was there any connection between the mysterious canceling of reservations and the rumor that it was Great-Uncle Stephen's ghost which terrified Mamie Hixie, the cook, so that she fell downstairs? Determined to find out, Jinky went to the Hixies only to be put off by an unpleasant encounter with Mamie's lazy, shiftless husband, Al. Was it the carelessness of Pete—the college boy whom Jinky teased about his resemblance to the stuffed bear on the landing—which caused the fire in the cabins they were preparing for the use of the college ski club? Cousin Larry was sure it was. With the Norton children remaining at the Lodge while their parents were in South America and Professor Agnew also staying on, Jinky was relieved and happy until she herself saw what she thought was Great-Uncle Stephen's ghost and Pete canceled the cabin reservations and departed without saying good-by.*

PART THREE

"**A**w, what's the use," complained Dick, leaning on his ski poles. "You start us on a race and then you go to sleep and forget to watch who wins."

It was true. Jinky couldn't keep her mind on the races the young Nortons were running on the practice slope. Earlier, before Professor Agnew had wrenches his knee and gone in, he had been their referee. In her present mood, Jinky was proving to be a poor substitute, indeed.

"I bet if Pete was around you'd wake up," Dick continued. "I bet you're stuck on Pete!"

A stinging on the inside of her eyelids warned Jinky that tears were near the surface. She'd have to shut Dick up—get his mind off Pete.

"I guess I am half asleep," she admitted. Then to distract them, she added unthinkingly, "Last night I dreamed I saw a ghost! I was so scared I stayed awake for ages afterwards."

Instantly Dick abandoned one idea for another. "Jeepers! Did you really?"

Too late, Jinky realized that she had introduced the one topic she had determined to avoid. But to refuse to answer Tony's excited, "What did it look like?" would only increase their curiosity, so she tried to be casual.

"It was a funny dream, really. The ghost looked like Professor Agnew in a nightshirt, and it walked from the bureau to the door twice and then vanished." Suddenly she remembered a detail that was amusing. "It was carrying a toad!"

"I'm glad Mum didn't see him," Midge said solemnly. "Mum is scared of ghosts. If she knew about the Garnet Lodge ghost, she wouldn't let us stay."

Returning to the Lodge for dinner, Jinky carried a tray upstairs to the professor who was doctoring his leg with a heating pad. As she set the tray down, he said reluctantly, "Jinky, I was in the office when young Crosby left. Your father was upset and spoke very curtly to him. However that doesn't excuse the message that Pete asked me to give you when we were alone. It was both rude and unkind."



Jinky moved over to the window. She needed the strength that the sight of the mountain always gave her, but it was hidden by gray clouds.

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Tell Jinky to go look in a bear's mouth.'"

Jinky whirled around. "A bear' or 'the bear'?"

"Why, Jinky, I don't know. Does it matter?" He gazed after her in bewilderment as she dashed downstairs.

The bear! She had teased Pete so often about his resemblance to it that it had become a private joke. If he wanted to leave a message for her alone, what better place could he have chosen? There would be a note, and it would make everything right again. Pete must have had a special reason for leaving so abruptly, very different from the one he had given her father. It must be something he had discovered last night and could tell only to her.

She was running her fingers behind the hump of the bear's tongue for the third time when her mother passed on the way upstairs with the professor's dessert.

"So you and the children use this post office too?" she asked in amusement. "Uncle Stephen and I always left secret letters for each other behind the tongue when I was a little girl. I'd forgotten until now."

But there was no note. Jinky's disappointment was too great for further thinking. If there was another meaning in Pete's incomprehensible message, she couldn't fathom it.

"Grrr!" Dick's triumphant face appeared from behind the bear's shoulder. "Scared you, didn't I? Well, wake up! Your mother said if we helped you bring the blankets back from the cabins, you'd take us to see the mine. Tony wants to mine diamonds when he grows up."

Bringing back the blankets would mark the end of an experience that had promised fun and companionship. But perhaps it was just as well to get it over with, Jinky decided, as she and the children set out a little later.

Leaving the toboggan in front of the cabins, they continued on the cross-country trail until they came to the branch leading up to the mine. Turning there, they found the climb was steeper, but the children stuck to it gamely.

At the top, Jinky stopped. In front of them the ground dropped abruptly into a deep snow-covered bowl. From where they stood, the crevice that scored the far end of the pit from wall to wall appeared to be only an infinitesimal crack in the bottom of the wide, wide bowl.

"WHERE'S the mine? Can't we go down in the tunnel and look for garnets?" Tony asked.

"There is no tunnel. Garnets are mined in an open pit," Jinky explained. "There are plenty under the snow down there, but it's a dangerous climb."

"Can't we try?" Tony's look told Jinky that finding a garnet had been the whole point of the trip.

On the opposite side of the bowl, a weathered five-story building climbed down into the pit, clinging to its side.

"Perhaps we can find some over there where the cars used to bring ore up into the mill," Jinky suggested.

Leading the way around the rim, to the place where the narrow rails led up from the pit, Jinky tried to keep up with Tony's questions.

In the mine's early days, garnet had been picked out of the ore by hand. Later Great-Uncle Stephen had built the mill and put in machinery for extracting the garnet. No, she had never been inside the mill. Cousin Larry said the beams were rotted through and it was unsafe. That was the reason why it was kept boarded up all the time.

She was glad when they reached the mill and the questions stopped, because she knew it would spoil something for Tony if she had to tell him that these garnets had no value as jewels and were used only for emery paper.

Dick shook the padlock on the abandoned building and then peeked through a knothole in a boarded window.

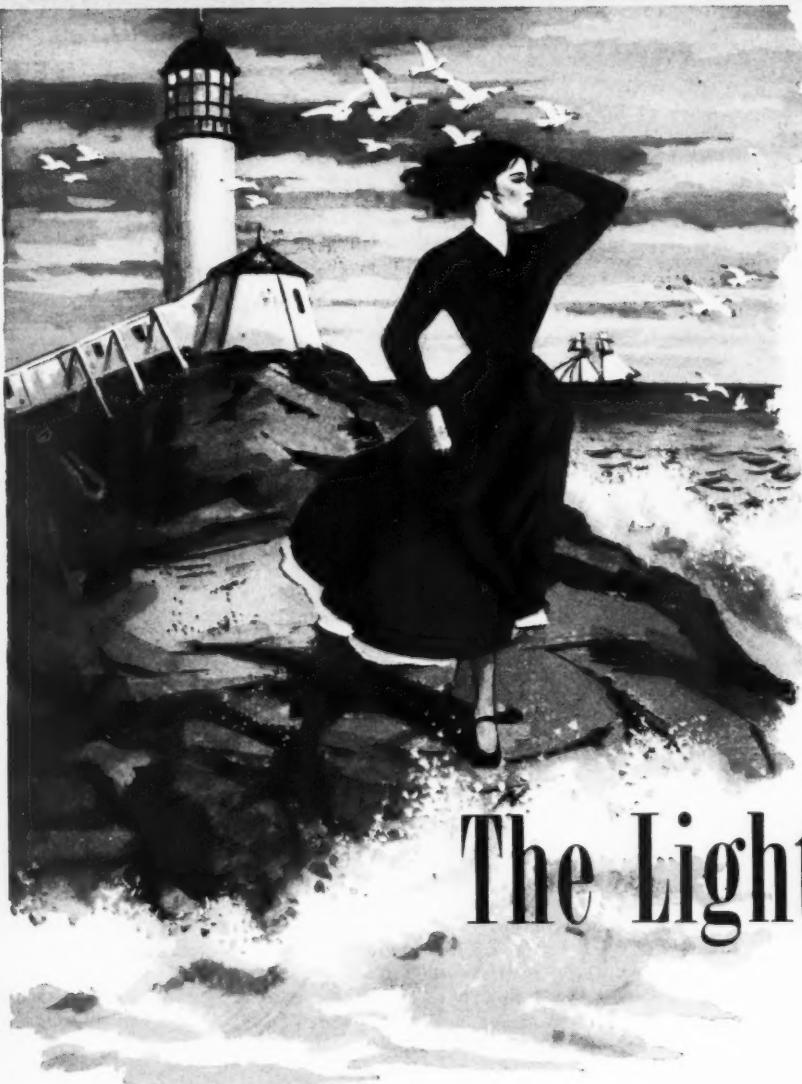
"Oh, boy, what a place to play cops and robbers!" he exclaimed with an enthusiasm that Jinky was to remember later.

Digging under the snow, Midge and Tony both found small pieces of ore that showed pockets of deep red.

Later, in the cabin where Pete had spent the night, Jinky felt that she, too, had discovered a gem with value far beyond its market worth. Under some charred blankets was an empty kerosene tin that definitely had not been there (Continued on page 29)

"I'm not imagining, Cousin Larry," Jinky said. "There is a ghost!"





She knew the birds, the wildflowers, the ways of the wind

CELIA LAIGHTON scarcely breathed as she watched each flame lick across the lamp wick, waver a moment uncertainly, and then spring into a blue, healthy light. With a sigh of satisfaction she inserted the ruby or crystal glass chimneys into their collars of prongs on the lamp. This was the first time her father had ever allowed her to kindle alone all fifteen of White Island Light's lamps. She was determined to do a perfect job and to win his "Good enough, Daughter," of praise when he came back across the mile of water that lay between Appledore Island and this one.

The kindling completed, she could go to the little stone house at the foot of the light tower for her supper. Later, when her father was expected to return, she would station herself in the dark near the boat slip and guide him to it with a lighted lantern. The wheeling rays of the lighthouse revolved too high overhead to help those at the island make a landing.

Standing on the top rung of the ladder that led from an opening in the lamp-room floor to the spiral staircase, Celia took one last look at her handiwork. The glow on her face came partly from the gleam of the lamps' copper-lined reflectors, partly from her own happiness. And how that happiness would have surprised the Laightons' friends in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, who had predicted such dire happenings when the family moved out to White Island from the mainland. That had been back in 1839 when Celia was a child of five.

Ten miles straight out to sea, with no arms of land between them and Spain to shelter them from the Atlantic, lay the Isles of Shoals. There are nine of these tiny islands, not much more than peaks of rock with scant caps of soil. Most of them are clustered close together, but White Island lies off by itself and farther out at sea, like a lonely white lamb strayed from the flock. Here a lighthouse had first

Life on the craggy island had its hardships, but Celia Thaxter learned its delights

been built in 1820, and here a light still wheels its arms of light—but not from that original tower. And here Celia lived from the time she was five years old until her family moved to Appledore Island.

As soon as word had traveled through Portsmouth that the Laightons were moving to the Isles of Shoals, there had been a buzz of protest. Friends and relatives could hardly believe that an educated and politically ambitious man like Thomas Laighton would take such a step. Why take his family off to this treeless, craggy place where only rough fishermen lived?

They protested vigorously to Mr. Laighton, but he was a strong-minded man and he had vowed, when he had lost out in the election for State governor, to leave the mainland for good. Leave he did, in October of that year, aboard the Portsmouth pilot boat, with his household goods and his family—his wife, the five

The Lighthouse Poet

by ANNE MOLLOY

Illustrated by Ardis Hughes

year old Celia, and Oscar, a tiny baby wrapped in a red shawl. They set up housekeeping on White Island where Mr. Laighton was to be the light keeper.

Now in their protests and predictions the Portsmouth neighbors had been both wrong and right. They had said that the Laightons' life would be one of great hardship, even danger. True enough. They had said that the children would be cut off from all advantages. This, surprisingly, proved to be untrue.

It was partly because of the advantages this rugged, lonesome life presented that Celia became, as Celia Thaxter, a well-known poetess, and a leader among the writers, painters, and musicians who met in her island parlor in the years after her marriage. Had she stayed in Portsmouth she might have been a conventional housewife, the fruit of whose talents would have been hidden in her diary instead of being published with acclaim.

As is so often the case, the hardships of the Laightons' new life were apparent much sooner than its advantages. Settled in the snug stone house at the foot of the tower, they found winter storms cut them off from neighbors on the other islands for many days at a (*Continued on page 34*)



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SE-4

party calendar

Roll out the welcome mat and have a party! Here are fall menus, recipes, gay decorations—and even games to play.

menus

decorations

games

after the game

luncheon for the girls

evening party

- Baked Beans
- Barbecued Beefburgers*
- Poppy-Seed Rolls
- Pickles
- Tossed Green Salad
- Pumpkin Pie*
- Milk Cocoa

- Deviled Tuna*
- Mixed Cooked Vegetable Salad
- Potato Chips
- Gingerbread Muffins with Whipped Cream
- Mocha Milk*

- Chicken Muffins*
- Cranberry Sauce
- Tomato Gel Salad*
- Celery Sticks
- Carrot Curls
- Yellow Layer Cake with Shiny Chocolate Frosting*
- Chilled Gingerale

Invitations and Place Cards: Let megaphones, cut from construction paper in school colors, announce the where, what, and why. **Table Centerpiece:** A real football in a circle of autumn leaves. Add goal posts, made from rolled tubes of colored paper, held together and to table with scotch tape. **Around the House:** Bowls of apples; paper pennants telling the game score.

Invitations and Place Cards: Choose autumn-shaded construction paper, and cut on the fold, in leaf shapes. **The Table:** Use a white sheet for a tablecloth, and pin autumn leaves (real or paper) around the edge in a pretty pattern. **Harvest Centerpiece:** A big pumpkin, neatly hollowed out, and tilted so that it spills forth small fruits, nuts, and candies.

Invitations: Silver paper, cut on the fold in bell shape. Print "Hear Ye" on the outside; inside, the date, time, place. **Table Decorations:** Pine sprays, tall candles, and—in the center—a pyramid of colored Christmas balls or one huge, silver paper bell. **Around the House:** Hang clusters of bright balloons, festoons of paper streamers.

- Cinderella Kickoff*
- Pin the Football Over the Goal Posts*
- Forward Pass Dance*
- Toy Football Tossup*

- Autumn Corn Hunt*
- Fill in the Words*
- Indoor Horseshoe Pitch*
- Musical Spelldown*

- Lost-Time Hunt in Couples*
- Who Am I?*
- Huff and Puff*
- Choose Your Partners*

*For information about all starred items, turn to page 44.

Winter Parade



9320



4500

9203

9320: Try this graceful formal in satin-striped taffeta or drifting tulle. Add a stole — or choose any number of variations, each one eye-catching. Sizes 12-18. For size 16, blouse will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards; skirt, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards; sash, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material

4500: In class and after, here's a dress to keep your public cheering! For the newest effect, combine plaid and plain fabric. Pattern is for teen sizes 10-16, size 12 requiring $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39-inch fabric plus $\frac{1}{8}$ yard for contrast. Ameritex Winter Cotton is suggested

These patterns, especially designed for readers of this magazine, may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering enclose 25¢ for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay postage. For handy, clip-out order blank, please turn to page 36.



9056

4904

4780

9203: The backbone of any well-dressed young lady's wardrobe—a smooth-fitting, simply designed casual to dress up or down with your own choice of accessories. Note the big smart pockets. Sizes 11-17. For dress in size 13, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material will be required

4904: A welcome gift idea for the hostess on your list, this lovely apron makes a perfect party prize, too. Thrifty to sew: one 98-pound feed bag or one yard Textron Indian Head, plus trim, does it. Easy too: just one piece, then add straps and ties. One size: 14-16 (small)

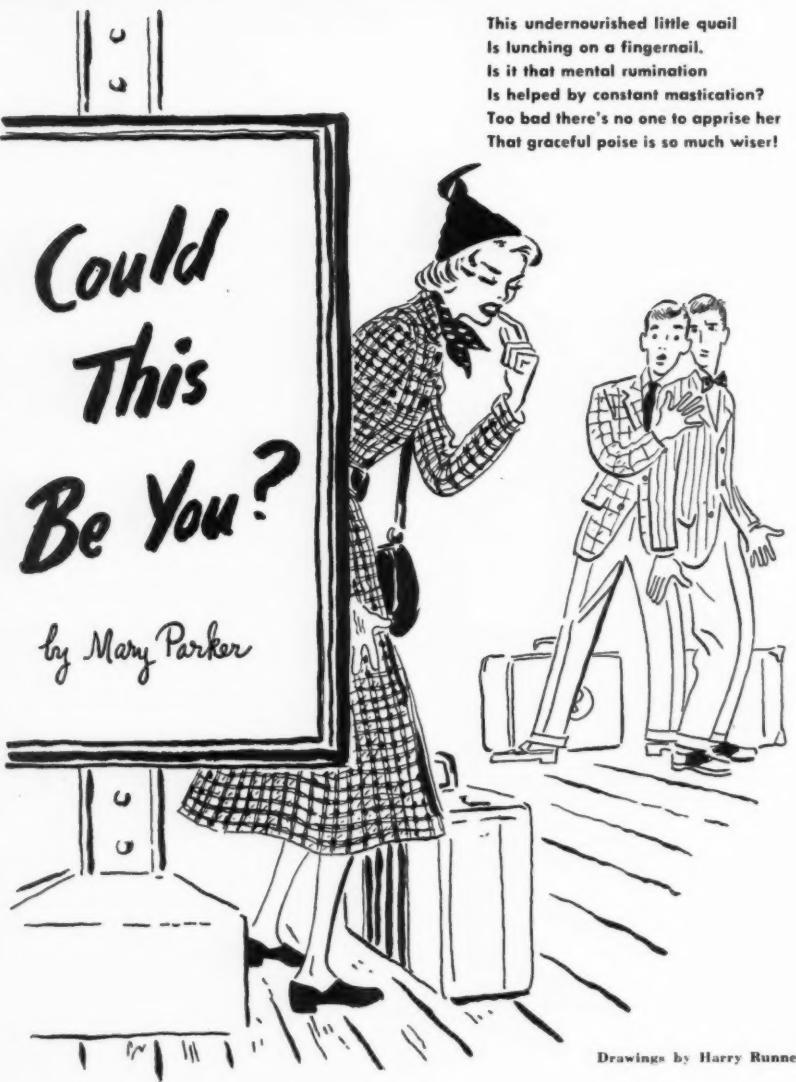
9056: It's as easy as ABC to make, and charming to wear with its flattering molded bodice and comfortable dirndl skirt. It's a go-every-where dress, designed for teen sizes 10-16. Size 12 takes 4 yards of 39-inch fabric. Try it in a becoming solid color or Milliken's plaid wool

4780: Here's a dress to live in, a classic to take you to the big football game and tea-dancing afterward! That smart little bow adds the velvet touch. Size 11-17. Size 13 takes $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material, plus $\frac{5}{8}$ yard for contrast. Security striped jersey is one suitable fabric

Each Pattern 25¢

Could This Be You?

by Mary Parker



Drawings by Harry Runnette

SITTING still and sitting pretty is a lot harder than it sounds! Poise takes practice. Professional models spend weeks of study at it. The very first thing they learn is to eliminate all unnecessary or violent motions. A simple, easy gesture is always the most graceful one.

What we're trying to suggest is that careless, ungainly postures and nervous little mannerisms, besides being unlovely to look at, are all too likely to turn your poise to poison. They can destroy in a flash the pretty picture you've worked so hard to present. They can create all sorts of awkward situations. (Was it really an "accident" that the tumbler tipped over, or were you, perhaps, inviting disaster by gesticulating wildly?) And, if repeated, they're practically guaranteed to drive your public dotty. If you've ever watched a friend twist the same little strand of hair around her forefinger for the fiftieth time, you know what we mean.

And what about you? Can you sit in a

graceful, relaxed, and reasonably erect position, or are you a sort of study in perpetual motion? Can you honestly say that in the last ten minutes you have not indulged in knuckle-nibbling, finger-tapping, face-feeling, shoe-shifting, tress-twisting, or any other such mannerism?

If you simply *can't* keep your hands still when they're empty, you might try holding some object—a handkerchief or purse or book—as many actresses do. Not that you're doomed to spend the rest of your life thinking consciously of what your hands and feet are up to. If you make a deliberate effort now to work out a set of easy, graceful attitudes, they'll soon become instinctive. Suddenly you'll be doing the right things without thinking.

Why not take a critical, analytical look at yourself in motion and yourself at ease and see what can be done to eliminate the distracting, unnecessary mannerisms? Remember, practice makes perfect poise.

THE END

This undernourished little quail
Is lunching on a fingernail.
Is it that mental ruminations?
Is helped by constant mastication?
Too bad there's no one to apprise her
That graceful poise is so much wiser!



This Nervous Nellie seems to doubt
The presence of her little snout!
She needs must tweak it, pull it, pet it,
Till no one present can forget it.
To them the tiny, turned up nose
Looms larger than Pinocchio's!



Her "Mirror, mirror, on the wall!"
Told her true and told her all.
Then why, when once you start to speak
Must she decide to sneak a peak?
Her compact clicks, her mirror flashes . . .
And conversation turns to ashes.



Since school began, this giddy girl
Has concentrated on a curl!
Right now it's anybody's guess
How many times she's twirled that tress.
Her pals observe the demonstration
With ever-mounting irritation.



Now witness here this lass who feels
Class is place to cool the heels.
She keeps her pumps so sharp and neat—
Why can't she keep them on her feet?
Of course her restless, swinging antic
Is driving fellow students frantic!



Shimmering taffeta gets our "Prize Purchase" vote for November in this dainty dress by Junior First. Its cuffed collar widens into revers and then buttons down the back to a full gathered skirt. Wonderfully priced about \$9, it's in sizes 7-15 for teens, at the stores listed on page 49

Be sure to look for a "Prize Purchase" next month



1. From left to right: Dell Tween's taffeta dress has scallop detail, Subteen sizes 10-14, about \$9, at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C. A velveteen portrait collar sets off Berk's satin-striped dress, about \$17, teen sizes 10-16, at Meier & Frank, Portland. A party frock by Petiteen has a ruffle collar and cuffed pockets. Of taffeta, sub-teen sizes 10-14, it's about \$9, at Thalhimer's, Richmond; Davison-Paxon, Atlanta. Sandra Lee's date dress combines solid and striped taffeta. Teen sizes 10-16, and about \$15, at John Taylor, Kansas City

2. Square-necked jumper with velveteen bodice and taffeta skirt, by Touraine. In teen sizes 10-16, it can be had for about \$11 at Hochschild Kohn, Baltimore

2



Young Enchanted

Twilight falls, beginning another winter evening—an enchanted evening for the American Girl who goes dancing in gently rustling taffetas—goes partying in softly gleaming velvets. She'll wear full-skirted dresses and festive outfits in pretty holiday fabrics

Photographs taken at the Park Avenue Theatre, New York City, by Ralph M. Baxter



Evenings

4. Ellen Hewitt designed this taffeta with skirt yoke and collar of "crystal" pleats. By Children's House, subteen sizes 10-14, about \$15, at Rich's, Atlanta; Filene's, Boston; Marshall Field, Chicago

5. Jacquard taffeta dress (left), has a Peter Pan collar, slash pockets, and full gathered skirt. A Semiteen by Riegel & Dechter, it's about \$8 in subteen sizes 10-14, at Jordan Marsh, Boston. Peteteen's two-piece taffeta (right), has tiny bodice buttons, a Queen Anne collar. Subteen sizes 10-14, about \$9, at Wanamaker's, Philadelphia; Halle Bros., Cleveland; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis



3



4



5

6. Crisp and billowing is Betty Lane's taffeta evening dress with long velvet dance streamers down the back. Teen sizes 10-16, about \$20, at Lord & Taylor, New York City

7



7. There are novel draped pockets on Belle's velveteen skirt. About \$13. The sheer nylon blouse is by Sally Mason. About \$6. Both in teen sizes 10-16, at Halle Bros., Cleveland

8



8. Left: femininely flared, Derby's trim velveteen skirt has a dressy, double-pointed waistband. About \$9. With it, Petiteen's wool-jersey velvet-edged blouse. About \$6. Subteen sizes 10-14, at Bamberger's, Newark; The Fair, Chicago. Right: Bobby Teen uses eyelet embroidery on the yoke and pockets of a rayon dress; subteen sizes 10-14. About \$6, at Stix Baer & Fuller, St. Louis

Hats by Madcap • Shoes by Capezio
Jewelry by Karu • Bags by Youthmode



Just for You

(Continued from page 9)

"What will you have, Chris?" Andy asked.
"T-Thank you," she stuttered, "but I—I must be leaving."

Andy's face fell. "Don't rush off, Chris."

"I'm sorry, but I've got to buy a—do some shopping."

He rose as she slid out of the booth. "May I see you tomorrow? I thought we might—"

"I—I have a date," Christie mumbled, thinking of Irma and Jean in the next booth. "I'll see you—around, Andy."

Outside, she headed down Main Avenue toward Templeton's department store. All at once she came to an abrupt halt in the middle of the sidewalk. She had no date for the dance! She'd have to invite someone else. That was more urgent than buying a dress.

But who? By now all the really smooth boys would have been invited. Yet she had to show the girls that Christie Parker could date someone smooth too. Someone like Irma's Freddie. Someone like—like Chuck Grannon. Chuck! But of course! He'd be perfect. And what an extra feather in her cap to invite a boy from out of town. A stranger to the girls. A tall, blond, good-looking stranger, with a slick line of chatter; a marvelous dancer who even owned a Tux! Yes, Chuck would be perfect. He was exactly like all the boys Irma and Jeanie dated—only more so!

I'll write him today, Christie decided firmly. Now. And turning, she started toward

home. She could dash off the note and be back at Templeton's in half an hour. Ten minutes later she dropped into her desk chair, pulled out some blue note paper—and then hesitated. Did she really want to invite Chuck? She hadn't bothered to write him since she'd moved. In fact, she'd hardly given him a thought. He had both bored and annoyed her on their few dates. All he could talk about was his prowess on the football field and the latest dance steps. If she'd so much as mentioned anything serious, like politics or art or—or poetry—he'd lift a blond eyebrow and drawl, "Don't go long-hair on me, girl."

"But I can bear him—for one evening," Christie told herself desperately. "He'll impress the girls and fit in. He won't be different like—like—" Swiftly she began to write:

"Dear Chuck. Long time no see. But next Saturday night—"

Finally, satisfied that the note was sufficiently gay and flip, she addressed the envelope and affixed the stamp with a determined pound of her fist. Then she glanced at her watch. After three! Jumping up, she ran a comb through her hair and snatched up the letter and her purse. As she burst out the front door her father was getting into the car.

"Where's the fire?" he called, laughing.

"Templeton's," she gasped. "New formal."

He opened the car door. "Hop in." When her father drew up before the store, he gave her a mock-stern glance. "Go easy on my

charge account, Puss," he begged.

"The money's here," she told him proudly, patting her purse. "Saved out of my allowance." At his look of disbelieving surprise, she started to explain that knowing Andy had given her a new idea of money, but swiftly changed her mind. She didn't want to think about Andy. All she wanted was to find a dress for the dance. I do hope I can find something special, she thought, as she stepped off the elevator at the third floor. Something different, and yet exactly right for me.

Luck seemed to be with her for the head buyer, Miss Gardner herself, came forward. "You too?" she asked, smiling. "Something for the Girls Galore Prom, I'll bet."

She led the way to the long, glass-enclosed compartment where the formals hung, and one by one she lifted them out for Christie's inspection. And one by one they went back into the case.

"I'm sorry to be such a bother," Christie apologized. "But—well, I want something special, just my own. These"—she indicated the case hopelessly—"they're all pretty, but—" She hesitated. It was hard to explain. She knew that none of these dresses was her dress. The aqua taffeta was the identical style of Ruth's new formal; the lavender one was like Jean's, and half a dozen girls would be wearing variations of that powder-blue.

"Don't you have anything—" She began, and stopped in confusion. Miss Gardner was surveying her thoughtfully.

"I think I do have something else.

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to pretty up
everything
you wear

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It needs a tall, slim girl with rather special coloring. Perhaps you—" Suddenly she nodded her head briskly. "Wait a minute, please." Turning away, she started across the floor; then she halted, and looked back over her shoulder. "To be frank, it's a dress none of the other girls wanted. It's been in the store since last fall and I moved it back to the storeroom. But I think you ought to see it."

Christie sank slowly into a chair. A dress no one else wanted! But she might as well look at it. She had to have a dress.

When Miss Gardner reappeared from behind the velvet drapes, Christie caught her breath sharply. Draped across Miss Gardner's arm was a foamy mass of golden net. An off-gold. Not brilliant, not dull.

As Miss Gardner held the dress aloft, Christie couldn't speak for a moment, and the woman laughed delightedly. "I was right. You do like it!"

"Like it!" Christie breathed. "I adore it."

"Well, don't get your hopes up until you try it on. You see, this particular shade makes most complexions look sallow and washed out. It's not good with blonde hair either; and this long torso waistline and full skirt require height. But for you—well, keep your fingers crossed." And she led the way toward the dressing rooms.

Christie didn't take any chances; solemnly she crossed her fingers on both hands. The moment the dress was slipped over her head, even before she turned toward the huge, triple-view mirrors, she knew it was her dress—made just for her and no one else.

"It's perfect," she cried. "It's different, but even more important, it feels right on me. I feel natural in it and I can forget myself. It does look right on me, doesn't it?"

Smiling, Miss Gardner turned Christie toward the mirror. "See for yourself."

Christie surveyed her reflection for a long delighted moment. From the wide, square neckline of the fitted moire bodice to the bottom of that vast swirling skirt of gold-hued net, the dress was perfect. It heightened the clear whiteness of her skin and brought out red-gold glints in her hair.

Walking homeward with the long black and silver dress box held carefully under her arm, Christie marveled at her wonderful luck. I can hardly wait until Chuck and I—She stopped short. The letter! She hadn't mailed it. Fumbling in her purse, she produced the blue envelope and hurried toward the mailbox on the next corner.

But gradually her pace slackened; unconsciously she frowned, perplexed by a vague nagging sensation in the back of her mind. As if she'd forgotten something. Something important. But what was it? What could she have overlooked? Vaguely, she glanced down at the letter in her hand. "Mr. Charles Granon," she read. Her eyes shifted to the dress box. "Templeton and Bros."

The dress—Chuck. Chuck—the dress. There was some connection, but it escaped her. She stood at the mailbox, staring down first at the dress box, then at the letter.

Then suddenly Miss Gardner's voice echoed clear and firm in her ear. "The other girls didn't want it, but it's right for you." And after that her own delighted voice: "It's different; I feel right in it."

The dress. Chuck. No, not Chuck! she realized suddenly. Chuck wasn't right for her. He was a carbon copy of the smooth, light-headed boys Irma admired. But Andy—Andy was different, and more important, he was

right for her. I feel natural with him. Christie realized abruptly.

"Christie Parker, you're a featherbrain," she exclaimed suddenly, aloud. She'd been overjoyed to find a dress—a dress no one else wanted—that was exactly right for her. But just because a couple of silly, empty-headed girls didn't want Andy, she'd promptly decided she didn't want him either! Why, you ached for a dress to go with your hair and your complexion, she told herself disgustedly. Yet you didn't care whether or not your date went with your own tastes and likes and personality. As for Irma and Jean—why, Christie Parker, you know the other girls aren't like that. They have sense enough to appreciate Andy Pemberton. And as for Tuxedos—you know perfectly well that the boys in Greenfield High haven't any!

Swiftly, with one determined movement, she propped the dress box and her purse against the mailbox, grasped the letter firmly between her fingers, and tore it in half. Precisely she slid the halves together and tore them again. And again. Finally she dropped the pieces in the corner trash container and brushed her hands with a satisfied air.

Then she swooped up the dress box and her purse. The bakery was two blocks away. She'd have to hurry to catch Andy before he left for the day. And before he did accept some other girl's invitation!

THE END

They Make Headlines

(Continued from page 11)

said blue-eyed Barbara Jensen, who at eighteen was the "baby" of the 1948 Olympic Games swimming team. "As a kid, I had a fear of the water. No one could make me go near it. My mother was worried that someday I might be in over my head, so she urged me to take up swimming for my own safety."

Mrs. Jensen's motherly concern put an American champion on the record books. Barbara, a friendly, likeable girl, who is a graduate of Lowell High in San Francisco, is acclaimed the greatest backstroke hope of this country since Eleanor Holm, but Barbara doesn't stop at the backstroke. She's won almost as many titles in free style, and also excels at the breaststroke!

Apparently easygoing, Barbara is really one of the hardest workers afloat. Now a doctor's assistant and medical student daytimes at Lux College, she could have all the dates she wants, but she's cut out almost all social activities in order to swim.

She puts in two miles an evening in the Crystal Plunge, where Charley Sava is her coach. Small and feminine, her taste in clothes and bathing suits has made Barbara one of the most photographed girls in sports. She wears the cutest coiffure yet devised for water sprites: a crown of close-cropped curls which dry in a minute.

"The most important single asset in swimming is learning to breathe correctly," said Barbara, who refutes the theory that champions must be big girls (she's five feet, five). "After all, it's the air in your body that keeps you up. Incorrect breathing has kept more girls from becoming champs than any other factor. Just as you have to breathe normally to walk, the same holds true in swimming. Done correctly, the basic backstroke should come as natural to you as walking down the street."

Remember this: when you hit aquamarine

life, you reverse your dry-dock doctrine: Breathe through your mouth and exhale through your nostrils. Simple? Yet how many times have you forgotten that basic rule, and inhaled half the pool up your sinuses?

If you watch Barbara in free style you'll note that as her head comes up with her arm on the upstroke, she takes a good lungful of air, with her mouth as wide ajar as Al Jolson's. As her arm and head hit the water simultaneously on the crawl, she exhales through her nose. Think of your nose as a trumpet—blow out the air!

"You'll have to determine through experiment whether you're a natural for the six- or eight-beat crawl," said Barbara. "That depends on the number of leg beats to the stroke. Kick from the hips, never from the knee. Co-ordinate your arms and breath by kicking the same number of beats to each arm stroke, your legs continuing to kick like clockwork as your head hits the water, never missing a beat as you raise your head and arm up again on the completion of the revolution."

Your arms are the paddles that project you forward, rotating with the methodical downpull of a windmill—not too much push, just a steady, continual circle movement with the elbows bent slightly, pushing the water away from you on the downpull. Ever see a Mississippi steamboat chugging along with the old-fashioned wheel in the back? Well, that's you—only your flipper's in front!

Jean Lee knew archery was her best beau as soon as she picked up an arrow, but the fact was, she picked it up wrong and that's how she helped to develop a revolutionary new grip in archery, and came to make the sensational, all-time mark of winning eleven out of thirteen women's championship rounds in the 1948 nationals, breaking ten U. S. records to do it!

Jean didn't start out to be an archer. You'd never guess it, but bugs were her business. She was set to become a biologist until she took archery as a prescribed course in Springfield College and was so good her coach encouraged her to continue at a summer camp. That's why Jean was introduced to Teela-Wooket, the famed Vermont finishing school of the feathered shaft.

Tall, happy-dispositioned Jean wears glasses, but they're no handicap to her. The bowstring touches the chin, never her goggles. Her rivals will tell you she doesn't know what it is to worry. One of the reasons is that she's got "left hand loose" down to perfection. If archery is on your high school agenda, make a note of her advice.

"Picture yourself after the arrow has left your hand, and your shot is completed," says Jean, whose father, a doctor, took up the sport to keep her company and is now also a champ. "Instead of completely dropping your bow hand free of the arrow, merely relax the wrist and maintain your hold on the bow. Your wrist goes limp, but your arm doesn't change position. The bow doesn't drop from your grasp."

"When your wrist drops loose after the strain of the actual shot, the bow drops loose with it, a couple of inches down. It's a purely natural reaction—more so than completely unhanding the bow and allowing it to fall to the ground in the old way."

This wrist movement is executed at the exact instant the arrow leaves the string. Since action of the bow is what guides the arrow, Jean contends that this natural reflex allows the bow to do what it wants in

sending the arrow on its way. "It eliminates the human element in archery—for human beings you know, are prone to err!"

Try the new method, and remember this: it won eleven out of thirteen possible titles for Jean in the greatest clean sweep in archery in history!

YVONNE SHERMAN, at nine, had passed seven of the possible eight Gold Medal figure-skating tests in ice skating. She could have breezed through the eighth easily—only passing it would have made her eligible for only senior competition, at a mere nine years! Yvonne felt that junior competition was more important, so she postponed taking her eighth test until she was seventeen.

Dark eyed, dark-haired Yvonne was just another promising skater until she came under the tutelage of Gustave Lussi, the noted Swiss coach, now a United States citizen. But following his coaching, she jumped out of nowhere into national fame by leading the entire American contingent in the 1948 Olympic Games. She finished sixth in singles, fourth in pair skating.

Now, at nineteen, she's the favorite to become America's first world champion.

Yvonne's case is unique in that it wasn't so much a matter of change in technique that made the change in her skating. It was her mental attitude that underwent a renovation. "This is going to surprise you," said Yvonne, who's an all-round athlete at tennis and swimming, as well as a concert pianist. "But with me it wasn't a matter of perfecting the routine steps which any coach can teach you. It was imagination!"

Yvonne's main difficulty was shyness. Her lack of expression showed in her skating. Quiet and reserved, and an honor student at New York's Professional Children's School, Yvonne had to learn to show off.

"I had all the necessary background training, but I lacked the flight of fancy, the freedom of thought. On school figures, they said I was excellent. But when it came time for free (or exhibition) skating, nobody went into ecstasies about Yvonne.

"It wasn't until I began making up new steps and dance twirls in my spare time, going to sleep at nights concocting new motions and trying them out in the morning, that people began to pay attention to me."

Ever think of that? Ever realize you don't have to stick to the gray, groovy grind of repetition? Why get in a rut—even if it's a smooth, icy one—that goes over the same patterns endlessly? Yvonne knows what her competition is going to flash at the world's championship. They'll be seeking to perfect routines established fifty years ago, and repeated every year since. But nobody, not even the judges, knows what Miss Sherman has under her laced boot. Because she made up the steps herself!

What we said about getting off to an early start is true in any sport—and if you get on the band wagon now, sports can be a short cut to fame, glory, and headlines. There are few other lines of endeavor that teen-agers can expect to excel in by the time they're twenty. You can't be a doctor or a lawyer or an advertising exec in your teens—yet you can achieve fame in sports! And think of the world travel, the people you'll meet, the fun you'll have!

But no matter what sport you follow, remember that only the "T system" will get you there. That's the triple-threat, tell-tale theory of training, technique, and timing!

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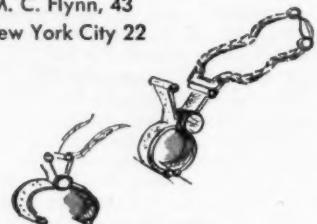
TEEN SHOP talk

The little things that add up to a big holiday!

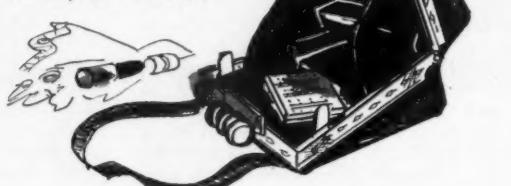
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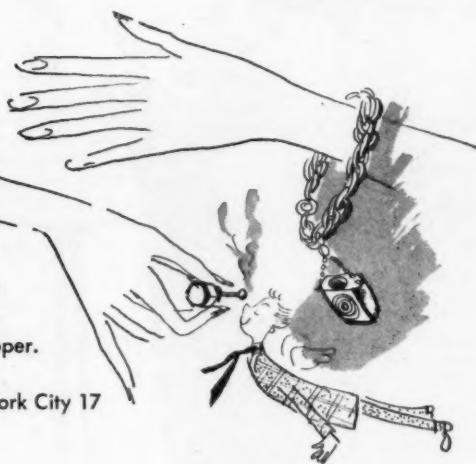
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TEEN SHOP talk

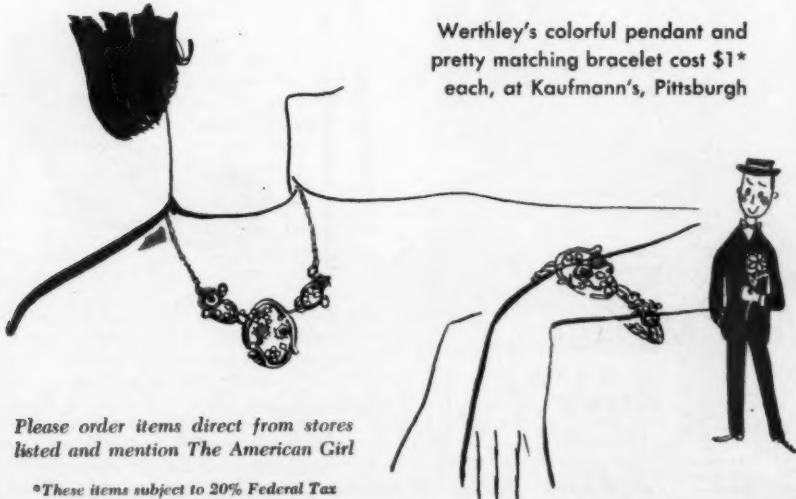
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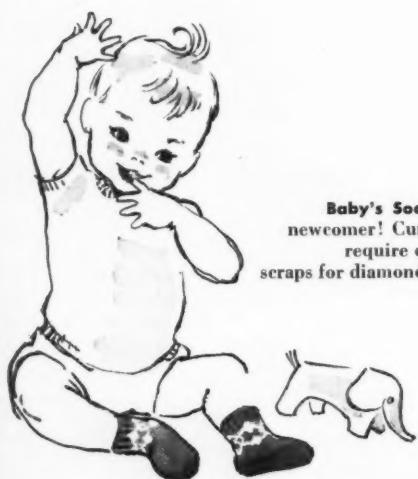
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Boy's Socks — PK 4820. Another easy Argyle variation, these socks may be made in all men's sizes, in slack or regulation length. Pattern calls for two yarn colors, and one pair No. 2 needles. Socks are in stockinette stitch with rib stitch tops



Drawings by Hilda Glasow

Please order instruction sheets by title and number, as given above, and send a stamped, self-addressed, business-size envelope. Address your order to Betty Brooks, American Girl Magazine, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York

Garnet Lodge

(Continued from page 13)

the afternoon before. Pete must have found it and hidden it there. It must have meant something important to him to want to keep it safe. But why bother when he was through with them all? Perhaps this meant he wasn't through . . .

Jinky thought so much about the tin and about Pete during the evening that she fully expected to dream about them, but she didn't. She fell into a deep and dreamless sleep and when she woke this time, she knew she was really awake. Along the opposite wall, she saw again the white-robed figure gliding silently toward the door.

"I've-seen-Great-Uncle Stephen's ghost." Jinky's legs had carried her as far as the professor's room, but now her knees swayed forward—beyond control. The room began to swing dizzily. Then she found herself sitting on the foot of his bed, trying to swallow the water he held to her lips.

"My dear Jinky, I will call your father."

"No, we mustn't tell him!"

"But why not? Even though it was a dream, you have had a tremendous shock."

"I was awake, and it was a ghost. I put my hand right through it and touched the wall!" She shuddered. "I had to know."

The professor walked to the window and stood for a moment looking out into the night. Without turning he said, "Headlights from distant cars can play odd tricks."

"But there's no road on this side. Not for miles. It was Great-Uncle Stephen. He doesn't want strangers in the Lodge. That's what people in the village are saying, and now I know it's true." Jinky pulled a blanket around her, but she couldn't stop shivering. "He meant to scare the Norton kids. He would have if we hadn't switched rooms. Dick's yell would have wakened the whole house. Father would have had to know and so would Mr. and Mrs. Norton."

Mrs. Norton! Jinky suddenly remembered Midge's words. "Mum is scared of ghosts. If she knew about the Garnet Lodge ghost, she wouldn't let us stay."

In flat tones, as if she were reciting lessons, Jinky told the professor about her father's jumpy nerves, her mother's continual worry about canceled reservations, and the security that four permanent guests had promised at last.

"Jean," said the professor seriously, tucking another blanket around her, "I cannot believe your great-uncle's aversion to strangers could persist beyond death or could lead him to harm the niece he apparently loved. An overwrought imagination has probably created this ghost for you. But if you go about spreading the story, the Lodge may attract very few guests. Since you feel we must not waken your father and share your experience with him, I suggest that you consult Mr. Flynn in the morning."

Cousin Larry had agreed immediately that it wouldn't be right to keep the Norton children at the Lodge without telling their mother about the ghost. Jinky had stopped at his office on the way to school, leaving Tony at home with a sniffle and the other two in charge of Florrie Haskins.

"Don't worry," Cousin Larry comforted her. "The Norton's don't take off until five this afternoon. I'll telephone at once, tell them
(Continued on page 31)

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HONESDALE, PENNSYLVANIA: I liked and disliked the article *Wind, Strings, and Brass*. It was wonderful as far as it went. But in talking about the stringed section, it failed to mention much about the viola, cello, and string bass. I admit the violin usually has the solo part, but I think of the strings as a chorus—the violins as the sopranos, the violas as the altos, the cellos as the tenors, and the string bass as the bass. No chorus is complete without all of these parts.

I play a cello in the Wayne County Symphony Orchestra. Our last concert soloist was a cello player.

ROBERTA OLVER (age 14)

RACINE, WISCONSIN: Hurray for Jefferey! It's about time one of the boy readers of *AMERICAN GIRL* wrote and gave his impression of our magazine. I hope some other boys follow Jefferey and write in their ideas—they make an interesting change in *A Penny for Your Thoughts*.

PAT MACUTHA

HOOD RIVER, OREGON: I am seventeen years old and will graduate from high school this year. I noticed the editor's note in the September issue asking what we thought of the ending to *Girl Without A Country*? I was especially interested as I am an American of Japanese ancestry; in other words, I am a second generation Japanese. I was born in the house where I now live. I was terribly disappointed with the end. Usually, a story ends happily. And yet, if it had turned out that way, it would not be true, as far as I can see. I also was sent with all the rest, to relocation camps. We returned home in March of 1945. Of course, things weren't the same as when we left, but that seemed almost natural. The first year or two of school was very lonesome and dreary. I walked a mile and more to and from school alone, spent my recesses alone (I was in the seventh grade). Gradually, everyone became friendlier. My old friends were nice, and others who got to really know me became nice. I didn't have any of my friends say right to my face why they didn't want me around at certain times, but I knew they wouldn't be served even if they let me go in. Now, things are almost the same, and yet, there is that certain feeling, which I wonder how long will be with me. I go with the gang to shows, fool around, and all those other things kids do, and yet, I feel just a little out of place. Everyone goes in couples, and I am the only extra, but they say they don't mind me along at all. There are no other Japanese-Americans my age, or

that associate with my gang, and I want to mix with the Caucasians, but there seems to be just that little thing interfering. Many boys are very nice to me and seem to like me, but they won't ask me for dates. That is why I was interested to know what happened to Rosebud in the story. I was very disappointed, but maybe time will tell me the answer in person. Do not think all this makes me feel bitter, but I admit it makes me feel depressed at times. I try to go on with my chin up, and I manage to get along, but I often think about this.

Well, excuse me for this long note of one girl's troubles, but at least I told you what I thought of the end of that story in between the lines!

MITZI ASAI (age 17)

NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA: I enjoyed the story *The Green Cap* very much. I also like the new serial *Garnet Lodge*.

Teen Shop Talk has become one of my favorite sections of your magazine. In the August issue I saw that scarf-holder and sent for it. I received it a few days ago and like it very much.

As I play the violin, the article *Wind, Strings, and Brass* interested me a lot.

JUDY BRUHL (age 14)

WALTERBORO, SOUTH CAROLINA: I made the bookcase described in *Why Not Build A Bookcase* with a little help from my father. I think it is very pretty.

The only thing I don't like about your magazine is *In Step With The Times*.

MARGARET BROWN

EL SEGUNDO, CALIFORNIA: I belong to a Youth Symphony in Los Angeles and I play a viola in it. We play such things as the Beethoven Symphonies, Brahms, Wagner and many other compositions that are equally as hard and interesting. In our Symphony we have people as young as ten years of age, and even though some of them are not real good players we all have the wonderful knowledge of the many masters.

So orchids to the wonderful article *Wind, Strings, and Brass*, and I hope many readers can profit by it.

MARY STANTON (age 15)

WOOD RIVER, RHODE ISLAND: I belong to the 4H. I plan to take the September issue to the next meeting because of *Know Before You Sew*, as we are taking up clothing.

I used one of your patterns to make a skirt to exhibit in the Rhode Island State Fair.

BESSIE PERKINS (age 13½)

DETROIT, MICHIGAN: I especially like your covers and fashions. The dress on your August issue is my new fall dress. I think your story *The Green Cap* was wonderful.

MARY MORRIS (age 12)

ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA: You have helped me oodles in choosing my fall clothes. I am ordering a lovely pattern from your selection. *A Way With Figures* helped me lots in choosing it since I am plump.

ANN MONTAGUE (age 12)

SINGAPORE, ASIA: Since the end of the war I have lived in Singapore and Malaya with my husband, who is the anti-vice officer for Singapore. In my spare time I help out with his welfare work. One of my special interests lies in the care of the girls and boys in our homes and orphanages—many of the children in the latter places lost all relatives during the Japanese occupation. Our government is planning well for their futures, but, as is usual in such homes, there is always a shortage of colored books, candy, toys, sewing materials, sports clothes, games, English grammars (they are all so keen to learn English), and personal toilet kits, etc.

Please, can you print this letter in *The AMERICAN GIRL*, and I can then hope that some of your readers will lend a hand, so that, this Christmas, these girls and boys will be able to have that personal gift, which means so much to everyone—whatever race they belong to. I decided to write to your magazine because one Girl Scout—a Miss Diana Collins, of Boulder City, Nevada, has started sending copies of this magazine to me, and I distribute them amongst the girls in our leper and tuberculosis colonies.

(MRS.) LILLIAN BUCKOKE

Readers interested in answering this appeal should mail packages to Mrs. Lillian Bucko, % Dept. of Social Welfare, Old Supreme Court Building, Singapore, S. E. Asia. For delivery before Christmas mark packages "via steamship *Meredith Victory*" and get them in the mails before November 6th. The Editors.

WILKES-BARRE, PENNSYLVANIA: I rely on your recipes an awful lot as my mother works and I must make the meals.

Your patterns are very nice too. I took a Singer Sewing Course and I make many of my own clothes. I am a Girl Scout and I am working to become a Senior Scout. In one of your issues I read how to make your uniforms over and since mine was too small I got to work and made it over.

LUCILLE MULREANY (age 15)

HOUDENG-GOEGNIES, BELGIUM: I'm seventeen and I begin my last year at college. I've been receiving *The AMERICAN GIRL* since two years now. It's a perfect magazine. We don't have things like that in Belgium. All the girls at school want to get it after me. I found the June cover so lovely and in the July issue I've been reading with most pleasure *Bringing Up Kitty* because we have eight grown-up cats and two little ones. You help me to know better to appreciate the American people who are the nicest people I've ever met. All my congratulations.

GEORGETTE MARLIER (age 17)

DENVER, COLORADO: I enjoyed the story *Dusty* in the September issue. The illustrations in it were wonderful. I also enjoyed *The Green Cap*. I have always been afraid of water, and no matter how much I was coaxed I wouldn't go in the water. This story has helped me to get in the water and not be afraid.

RUTH BRUYN (age 14)

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: Your fashions in the September issue are simply out of this world. Especially the *Prize Purchase*.

My girl friend and I enjoy reading our magazines together. This way we find many more helpful hints on cooking and beauty.

CAROLE CRAYTON (age 14)

JOAN MCGUIRE (age 13)

HOUSTON, TEXAS: During the following school year, I will be a Senior Girl Scout. So you see I was greatly interested in your fine article, *Scouts of Service* by Ely Maxwell, in the September issue.

I particularly liked Part One of *Garnet Lodge*, and *The Green Cap* in this issue.

I agree with Joan Camery of Harlan, Iowa, in that you are very fair about printing all sorts of letters in your magazine.

JANET THOMPSON (age 14)

Please send your letters to *The American Girl*, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N.Y., and tell us your age and address.

Garnet Lodge

(Continued from page 29)

the truth, and explain why we don't want them to mention it to your parents. Then I'll take the youngsters down to New York myself on the noon plane from Glenn Falls."

Jinky raced for school, feeling as if Cousin Larry had lifted a ton of snow from her heart. Without thinking, she took a short cut through an alley. Looking into a kitchen, brightly lighted by morning sunlight, she was startled to see Al Hixie at the window. With a start, she realized that she'd come past the Hixies', and she hurried on faster than before.

She made school well ahead of the last bell and had just stuffed her jacket into the locker when she remembered her book bag. She must have left it in Cousin Larry's office. She'd have to go back and get it even though it might make her late.

When she reached the office again, the door was locked. But the janitor was mopping the hall, so she told him her errand. While he fussed with the lock, the telephone began to ring. Pushing the door open, Jinky rushed to pick up the receiver. Before she spoke, a man's angry voice shouted, "That nosy kid's been around here again—"

"Mr. Flynn's office." Jinky's words cut

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him short. There was a brief silence and then, "Sorry lady, wrong number."

Jinky replaced the receiver slowly. Anger and the telephone wires had distorted the voice; still, there was something familiar about it.

She was in time for roll call after all, but if minds instead of bodies had been counted, she would have been marked absent for the day. Her thoughts kept darting about like mice in a grain field: What did Mrs. Norton say to her father and how did he take it? Will flying make Tony's cold worse? Has Cousin Larry come for the children yet?

French class. "Jeanne, attention, s'il vous plait." Study period. History. Trig.

When she joined the boys and girls pouring toward the cafeteria, she wasn't really one of them. Forty miles away a plane was rising above snowy fields, a shimmer of silver between blue sky and white ground. She was waving to three little figures that—perhaps she would never see again.

"Dick seems as much at home as if he'd been here since first grade," said Florrie Haskins next to her.

A familiar voice rose above the clatter of dishes. Why, it was Dick! Could anything have happened to Cousin Larry? Had the noon flight been canceled? Dick was waving to her, and now he began to make his way across the room. He was carrying something in a paper napkin, and he plumped it down on the table with a triumphant grin.

"Apple pie! I traded it with a guy in my class for marshmallow cookies and ten cents. Take a bite, Jinky."

Cinnamon, nutmeg, tart green apples and brown sugar in light buttery crust melted familiarly against her tongue. Jinky didn't have to look over to the table where Dick had been; she didn't need to see a marshmallow cookie in Will Hixie's hand. She knew instantly in whose oven this pie had been baked.

So Al had lied. Well, he wouldn't get away with it. After school, she and Uncle Larry would go up to his house and demand to see Mamie, and . . . Then she remembered she had no reason to see Mamie now. Whatever the purpose of Al's lie, it didn't matter because she, Jinky, had seen the ghost.

At three thirty, books hugged close to her chest, head bent against the wind, Jinky was running towards the bus when a small hand grabbed at her jacket. "Come on—we're going with Mr. Flynn."

Jinky looked from Dick's face to Cousin Larry's. What did it mean that the children were still here?

Cousin Larry turned the key in the switch, and the sedan slid forward. When it was clear of the school entrance, he glanced significantly at Jinky and spoke to Midge. "Well, your father and mother are flying through summer weather by now. They took the morning plane."

So that was it. The Nortons had already left when Cousin Larry telephoned. The children would have to stay. It wasn't until the sedan pulled up beside the Lodge station wagon waiting at the bus stop and the children were greeting Bill Sanders noisily, that Cousin Larry added, "I'll be in my cabin all afternoon, Jean."

"I'll come the minute I can," she answered, but the afternoon was almost gone before she was able to join him.

First, according to the schedule planned by her mother and Mrs. Norton, she had to spend three quarters of an hour with Midge

and Dick on the practice slope. Then as she was putting away her skis, Tony called to her from upstairs. While she was at school, he had been moved into Midge's place in Jinky's bed. A steaming croup kettle told her that in spite of her desperate longing to move back from the yellow room, he would probably be in possession for several days.

Professor Agnew was sitting with him, the bad leg, blanketed with a heating pad, resting on a stool.

"The professor's been telling me how they mine diamonds in South Africa. Gee, he knows everything, Jinky!" Tony's enthusiasm ended in a fit of coughing.

"Not everything, by any means," corrected the professor modestly. He fingered a piece of ore on the table beside him. "Tony tells me he found this under the snow by the mill." He seemed extremely interested.

Jinky nodded. "It must have fallen off a car on the way to the crushers. Cousin Larry says if Great-Uncle Stephen hadn't spent so much on those crushers just before the mine played out, we'd be rich."

"Glad he did then," wheezed Tony. "If you were rich you wouldn't take boarders, and we'd be stuck in the city!"

FREE at last, Jinky was at the foot of the stairs when the telephone rang. She hesitated, not wanting to take time to answer it. She was relieved to hear her father's voice, "Why Sari, of course it isn't too sudden. It will be great to see you, and it's a break for the Lodge." Waiting no longer she left the house and ran down the snowy road.

Cousin Larry was waiting for her in the schoolhouse cabin. Curtains shut out the darkening sky, and two comfortable chairs were drawn up to the hearth where a kettle hummed on a crane above the fire.

He handed her a cup of tea with the same courtesy he would have shown her mother.

"Jean," he said, "this is a serious situation that we must discuss. Tell me what makes you believe you saw a ghost."

"But Cousin Larry!" This morning he had accepted the ghost without argument. He had even tried to call Mrs. Norton. He had been willing to fly the children to New York. Now, for some reason, he wanted her to go back and live last night's terror over again. She couldn't. The Nortons had left, the children were staying, and probably Great-Uncle Stephen would walk again. There weren't so many hours left before night brought the terrifying possibility of her father seeing the ghost.

"You believed me this morning. You tried to tell Mrs. Norton—" Cousin Larry was staring into the fire.

"Jean, what I intended to tell Mrs. Norton was that you *thought* you saw a ghost. I thought she ought to know."

As his meaning penetrated, words rushed to her lips. "There is a ghost. I'm not imagining things." The teacup began to clatter against the saucer.

Cousin Larry took it from her and then laid a hand over hers. "Let us talk frankly, Jean. You've been worried about your father's health and that distressing ghost rumor. You are tired and overwrought. What you need is a rest, not the added responsibility of the children."

Overwrought—that was the word the professor had used, too. Only he hadn't meant she wasn't fit to look after the children.

(Continued on page 34)

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SPEAKING OF MOVIES



THE PRINCE OF FOXES—is a lavish movie version of the best seller of several years ago. Actually filmed against the Italian locale of the story, with stars Tyrone Power, Wanda Hendrix, and Orson Welles, this makes superb adventure fare for young fans. Tyrone is an ambitious young student who finds himself enmeshed in the evil ambitions of Cesar Borgia (Welles) to rule all Italy. Miss Hendrix and the others give fine performances.

SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON—Is John Ford's most spectacular Western—his first in Technicolor. John Wayne plays the part of an Army captain, an old-time Indian fighter. When the Indians decide to wipe out the colonists, it is only Wayne who can save the day. You'll see George Brent, John Agar, Ben Johnson, plus Joanne Dru as the lovely heroine. But Monument Valley—shown for the first time in color—just steals the picture.



CHALLENGE TO LASSIE—For the first time, canine star Lassie plays an historic role. Years ago, in Scotland, a dog named "Greyfriars Bobby" made international headlines for his devotion to his dead master, and today is honored by a statue in Edinburgh. His story makes a touching movie for all ages. Lassie's human friends include actors Edmund Gwenn, Donald Crisp, Reginald Owen, Sara Allgood, and Geraldine Brooks.

THE GREAT LOVER—turns out to be none other than Bob Hope, but he doesn't have much opportunity to play the lover. Bob is the leader of a group of "Boy Foresters" on a bicycle tour through France—and what funnier situation could you want? He gets mixed up with a beautiful but impoverished duchess (Rhonda Fleming), and a murderous card sharp (Roland Young, of all people!) This is one the whole family will enjoy.



by Carol Crane

Garnet Lodge

(Continued from page 33)

Cousin Larry sat on the arm of her chair and put his arm protectively around her shoulders. "Having you all here has meant so much to me that I've been selfish. I've stood by while your father buried his talents in this wilderness. I saw how much you enjoyed that worthless Crosby boy because you were lonely for companionship your own age. I've been selfish. But, Jean, I didn't realize your health was at stake."

Jinky straightened her shoulders and took a deep breath. She knew now that Cousin Larry would never believe her story unless she turned her experience into facts.

"Last night and the night before I slept in the yellow room. That's the room Midge Norton had before she moved into our wing. Both nights I saw Great-Uncle Stephen's ghost. It came in the door and went over to the bureau. It was carrying something that looked like a toad. The first night I thought I'd had a nightmare. Last night I knew I was awake. When it came, I got up. I tried to touch it. There wasn't anything to feel—except the wall."

A strange expression came into Cousin Larry's eyes. At first he seemed not to hear her when she asked, hesitantly, "The yellow room, was it Great-Uncle Stephen's?"

But when she repeated the question, he answered, "Mr. Cromwell died there."

For a moment the room was absolutely still. To Jinky, Cousin Larry's reply was almost a relief, for it seemed to her that it must be proof to both of them that she had not been imagining things. Now he must agree with her decision.

"We will have to tell Mother," she said.
(To be continued)

Lighthouse Poet

(Continued from page 14)

time, that heavy seas kept the pilot boat, their only link with the mainland, from reaching them with supplies and news for weeks at a time. The children often were housebound in rooms whose windows were so obscured by frost that Celia would have to melt a peephole with a heated penny in order to see out at all. Winter waves thundered against the rocky headland, crusted the lighthouse windows with salt or shattered the panes of glass.

The second winter of their stay brought a storm of many days' duration so terrific that it carried away the wooden passageway between house and light; it swept off the hens in their henhouse, the boats in the boathouse. The family was truly marooned. They spent several anxious days expecting the light tower and house to be swept into the sea, too, before the storm subsided.

Because of the depth of the water around the island's shores and the uncertainty of the landing where Devil's Rock took delight in sending in rollers to upset even the most seaworthy boats, Celia was required to swim. Into the water she must go and make a swimmer of herself, in spite of the iciness of Shoals water, and in spite of the fact that young ladies of that time did not, as a rule, do more than paddle their feet in salt water.

Oh, the Portsmouth neighbors were able to picture the hardships of Celia's island life.

But had they also had the imagination to see its advantages, perhaps the islands would have been crowded with mainlanders.

First of all, it gave Celia time and freedom to use all five of her senses. Her nose caught the "iodiney" smell of brown kelp "aprons," torn from the sea's floor by its surges, and the change of wind. Her fingers explored tide pools for weed-hidden creatures and fondled the softness of silver driftwood. Her eyes traveled to the horizon and found the sails of barks bound for Greenland or, looking down at her feet, caught the bright tiny blossoms of the scarlet pimpernel. Her lips often sipped with pleasure hot chowder made of the brindle cow's milk and a codfish presented by a Star Islander. Her ears learned to distinguish the cry of the curlew, and caught the talk of loons so perfectly that Celia could call them in with her own voice.

But Celia's time was by no means all hers for dreaming. She had duties and chores. She must milk Betsey, the cow. She must help at first and later carry herself a good deal of the work connected with the lighthouse, for her father had established a large business on one of the other islands where he must superintend the work of drying and shipping codfish to the great Boston Market.

She must help with Oscar and with Cedric, the younger brother who was born on White Island. She invented games and made playthings for them of sea shells and stones, the few flowers that were able to gain a foothold on the scant island soil, and whatever the tides tossed up.

How satisfying it was to her to feel needed, not only by her own family but by

every sailor who looked to the wheeling rays of light for guidance.

One of the surprising results of the move away from the advantages of public schooling was that Celia acquired a fine education—a much better one than that most girls on the "main" were given. At first her father taught her in the stone-walled kitchen—to read and write and to figure. He added to her knowledge and that of the whole family group by reading aloud to them in the evenings the papers, books, and magazines brought out from Portsmouth by the pilot boat. All this was fine schooling, but the wind and the waves were to make Celia a present of an education still finer.

One day, Levi Thaxter, a young man who was a student at Harvard University, came to the Shoals to see the beauties which enthusiastic friends had described to him. While he was visiting at the lighthouse, the summer weather changed as if by a conspiracy. The wind blew half a gale, and the captain of the pilot boat could not make a landing to take Mr. Thaxter off the island. Several days passed before the wind subsided. By that time young Levi and the lighthouse family were firm friends, and he was a great admirer of Celia's eager mind, her fresh outlook, and her natural, tomboy ways. Nowhere on the mainland had he seen a girl like her. He came back again and again and even settled down at the island for one whole winter as tutor to Celia and teacher to the boys. Celia was delighted. Now, even if she traveled speedily through all the books he brought, as she had done in the past, the teacher would still be here to answer her questions and to carry her on beyond the texts.

After eight years on White Island, the family left the light to another keeper and moved across to Appledore Island where Mr. Laighton built a summer hotel. He had seen the eagerness with which visitors came to the Shoals, had noticed their pleasure in even the simplest food when it was eaten with a keen, salt-air appetite, had watched them go back to the "main" with a step jauntier than the one with which they arrived. Although he had said good-by to the mainland and all its ways, Mr. Laighton had not turned his back on its people forever. He welcomed them as they came in boatfuls to Appledore House. Year after year they returned, many of them men and women who were well known in the arts.

Who, in those days, hadn't read the poems of James Russell Lowell, or of the gentle Quaker, James Greenleaf Whittier? What art lover hadn't enjoyed the paintings of Childe Hassam and William Morris Hunt? Who could resist the violin playing of the Norwegian, Ole Bull, or the piano music of William Mason? The names of Oliver Wendell Holmes and Nathaniel Hawthorne were known across the country. All these men, and many others, came to Appledore, were fascinated and rested, and came again.

Levi Thaxter came and brought his famous friends. He continued to tutor Celia, but as the years passed and he worked with her during the lonely, stormbound winters and the busy summers, when she had to snatch study time from waiting on tables and being agreeable to guests, he became more than her teacher. He fell in love with his pupil and married her when she was barely seventeen.

Long before, he had discovered that Celia

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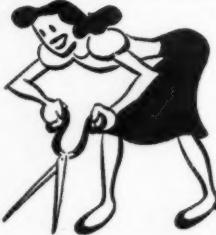
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had, in addition to a fine and vigorous mind, a talent for writing poetry. He encouraged her to put her poems on paper, and it was he who sent off without her knowledge the first of her poems that was published. It appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly" and had been written out of her heart. With Mr. Thaxter she had gone to the mainland to live near Boston. It was homesickness for the sea that made the poem, "Land-locked."

Celia did not stay land-locked for long. Her summers were spent on Appledore in a cottage near the family hotel. Later, when her mother was not well, she spent some of her winters on the island, too.

In spite of having her three sons trooping after her, in spite of being the center of the artistic and literary group that met in her cottage parlor, Celia's life was as vigorous as it had been in the old lighthouse days. She had a large, helter-skelter flower garden planted with masses of Shirley poppies, pansies, coreopsis, and morning glories. She took her boys sailing—she the captain, her sons the crew—and she came ashore with her skirts wet and bedraggled, her hair wind-blown. She tramped and climbed the crags with them. She was still a rough girl to some shocked visitors, although she was regarded with more and more respect as the fame of her poetry increased and the reputation of her parlor salon spread. Some spoke of her with awe as a "goddess."

Celia Thaxter died on Appledore in August, 1894. All her life the desire to describe the beauties of her islands was strong. In her book "Among the Isles of Shoals" she says, "Ever I longed to speak these things that made life so sweet, to speak the wind, the cloud, the bird's flight, the sea's murmur." There are those who feel that she succeeded. Perhaps in reading her poem, "The Sandpiper," you will feel so, too.

THE SANDPIPER

Across the lonely beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift, across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white light-houses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Nor flash of fluttering drapery.
He has not thought of any wrong,
He scans me with a fearless eye;
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter const thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

THE END

New Books For Old

(Continued from page 10)

a pencil lightly trace the missing corner. Then tear out the new corner (tearing gives a better edge than cutting) following the pencil line, but giving an extra margin of one-eighth inch at the torn edge. Paste this little margin and lay it on the torn page, protecting both sides with a piece of waxed paper. Press until dry and then trim with scissors to fit.

Holes in the pages can be filled with paper (transparent if it's over type) torn just a trifle larger than the hole, and pasted around the edges. Dry between waxed paper.

Loose covers can often be mended easily if the hinges (the parts that hold the book to the cover) are not actually torn. Stand the book up, open it, and with a long brush spread paste down the spine between the pages and the cover. Close the book, press, and allow the paste to dry before using.

Hinges or joints get great wear and often become torn. Make a new hinge a little more than an inch wide, cut from cloth or very tough paper. Paste this strip and lay it down carefully, half on the cover and half on the inside end paper, making sure it is not too tight, but loose enough to bend easily. Put waxed paper over it, close the book, and press until dry.

ONE nice thing about knowing something about binding is that you can make books of your own. Do you write poetry? Why not make a "special edition"? Or a personalized snapshot or autograph album?

The simplest kind of book to make is one in which the paper is folded down the middle, making double pages, and tied or sewn in the fold. If your book is fairly thick, trim the inside pages, to make it even at the edges.

If you sew the book, use heavy thread or cord in a large needle, such as an upholstery needle. Rubbing the needle on soap makes it go through paper most easily. Two or three ties (four or six holes) will make your book firmer than just one tie (two holes). The thread can be tied inside or outside the book. If you use a bright thread or ribbon, you may want it outside as part of the decoration.

Use your imagination in selecting the material for this tie. A few suitable ones are shoelaces, cording, and thin strips of leather.

If you have more pages than you can sew together easily, you can make several sections, or "signatures," following the same directions. Use a strong cotton thread and be sure to tie it firmly on the outside of each section. Then put all the sections together in the correct order, and with your needle weave the thread back and forth through the ties so that the sections are held together at their folds. Draw your thread quite tight, but not enough to tear or pull, and make knots frequently, so the binding will be firm.

The cover is an important part of your book. The easiest way to cover a book with only one signature is to use a sheet of heavy paper, and sew it right in with the pages.

If you prefer to put on a separate cover, this can be made of heavy paper, cardboard, cloth, or leather. If your cover material is heavy enough to use without reinforcing, cut your double sheet a little larger than the pages so the cover will extend a little.

If you want a cover of thinner material, such as wallpaper, chintz, or calico, select cardboard for the foundation, cutting as above. Lay this foundation on the cloth and mark around it with a pencil. Cut out the

cloth, allowing about an inch extra on all sides. Snip off the corners almost to the pencil marking, so the material will not be too thick when folded. Paste all the edges, and fold them over carefully on the foundation, pressing firmly to smooth out wrinkles.

Now you are ready to insert your book into the binding. Take two pieces of sturdy but thin cloth, cutting them as long as the book, and about two inches wide. Sew these two strips together firmly all the way down the center. (This seam will act as a hinge.) Put paste on one side of the strip and fold it around the back of your book, smoothing out wrinkles and pressing firmly. Next put paste on the outside of the strip, and fold the cover around the book. Carefully open the covers and smooth the binding strips to them.

If your book is more than one or two signatures thick, of course you will have to make your strips of cloth wider. If the book is one inch thick, for instance cut the strips three inches wide, instead of two. Instead of sewing the strips together down the center, sew them in two places (see sketch on page 10), giving you a space between the stitching the same width as the thickness of the book. You will be delighted to see how well this fits, and how easily your covers swing on this "backbone." This kind of hinge may be used, too, in book repair.

Now you are ready for your end papers. Using attractive paper—white or colored, plain or with a design—cut double sheets a trifle smaller than your cover, to fit exactly inside the covers of your book. Put paste smoothly over the inside of the covers (front and back) and the facing pages, and lay an end sheet across them. Press until dry.

The title on the outside cover—in ink or paint—is a neat finishing touch to *your book!*

FIVE HINTS FOR BOOKLOVERS

- OPEN YOUR NEW BOOK THE RIGHT WAY.** Place the book on its backbone, holding it upright between your hands (clean, of course!). Open both covers, then turn down a few pages at the front, and a few pages at the back, running your finger down the page at the inside edge, pressing gently. Then turn down a few more pages at the front and back. Continue until the whole volume has been opened.
- TURNING PAGES.** Pick up the top corner of a page with the tip of your forefinger, letting your thumb and middle finger slip down on either side of the page as you turn it.
- MARKING YOUR PLACE.** Nothing thick—like a pad or pencil—should be used, as this tends to break the binding. Laying the book open, face down is bad, too. And never fold down the corner of a page! A thin piece of stiff paper makes the best bookmark.
- BOOKS ON AND OFF THE SHELF.** Don't pull your book from the shelf by its top edge. If your shelf is crowded, simply push back a book on either side of the one you want, and it will be easy to grasp it halfway down. Put your book back on the shelf with equal care. Never jam it into too small a space, or allow it to lean sideways.
- WATCH THE WEATHER!** If your books get wet, dry them as quickly as possible with blotters or a soft cloth, blotting—not rubbing—the covers. If the cover has become warped, put a weight on it when it is almost dry. But protect your books from rain and snow!

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by Marjorie Cinta



The Rebel and the Turncoat

By MALCOLM DECKER, *Whittlesey House*, \$2.50. New York in 1775 was a gay place and to handsome, hard-riding Henry Prince there was plenty of excitement for a colonial gentleman of seventeen, without bothering about politics. It was to be expected that Henry's sympathies would lie unhesitatingly with the British, since he had been brought up by a loyal, English-born uncle. But Henry found himself sometimes agreeing with his colonial friends such as Nathan Hale, and sometimes with the talented Major André who was a friend on the British side. There were two girls in his life—Sally Cruger, a Tory belle who was willing to use her influence for his advancement; and Jane Varian, whose spirited charm and horsemanship Henry admired, but whose politics were as uncertain as his own. Henry went through a good deal before he was sure, heart and mind, where he stood. He fought in both armies, met the leading figures of the day, served as a spy, and was on the scene at the attempted betrayal of West Point. There is humor, suspense, and swift action in this novel with its fine historical background. Much of the strong illusion of reality is due to the excellent characterization. In many American stories of Revolution days, all the good, wise people are on the side of the colonists, all the stupid villains are British. Here is a refreshing change, for there are good and bad men on both sides. You find yourself thinking: It probably really was like that.



Jan's Victory. By BETTY MORGAN BOWEN. *Longmans, Green and Co.*, \$2.50. Back to Walcheren Island, in Holland, came the family of Hans Maarten, who had given his life to save his friend, the carpenter. Stunned by the devastation—buildings gutted, streets blocked with wreckage, fertile lands made arid by flooding sea water—all of the Maartens turned courageously to the rebuilding of their ruined home. Some of the destruction had been caused by the enemy and some, through inescapable necessity, by the Allies. None of the Maartens could understand war—"the heavy boot kicking everything and everyone aside"—but some of

them—like Mother and Merie—could forgive. Not so Jan, the eldest son. His hatred and resentment focused on the carpenter, whom he considered a traitor responsible for his father's death. In a bitter frenzy, Jan spent his energy in the dogged restoration of his wrecked home. His struggle for order and happiness in this half-wrecked, confused world is the story of this book. Jan felt that even his own mother and sister misunderstood and disliked him, before he won peace and the love of beautiful Lotje Thijssen. The author, who served almost two years with the American Friends Service Committee in just such areas as Walcheren says, "There are many Jans in Europe, living in misery and hope, proud and full of passionate desire to make their homes beautiful again for their families, yet tortured by the bitterness and loneliness war has caused." In this book she has given American young people, who have no firsthand knowledge of such desolation, a picture that must lead to better understanding and greater sympathy for Europeans. But in spite of the seriousness of the theme, there is much humor and gaiety in the story.



People of the Promise. By ELIZABETH HONNESS. *The Westminster Press*, \$.65. In this lovely book for younger readers, Elizabeth Honness, former managing editor of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, has retold some of the chapters of Genesis in simple, vivid prose. The artist's beautiful illustrations in both color and black and white, added to the author's deft descriptions, make the times and customs of Biblical days come alive for the reader. We share Abraham's yearning for a loving God and his long journey to the land of Canaan, and rejoice with him in God's promise. We see Jacob trick Esau into selling his birthright, and later see him learn what it means to be cheated himself, as he serves long years before he can marry Rachel. We go with Joseph, sold into slavery in Egypt, and enjoy his rise to power, and his saving not only the Egyptians but his own people as well. Miss Honness is both an artist and a poet, as you might guess from the way in which she has retold these stories of the people to whom God gave His promise.

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The American Girl

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NEW YORK 17, N. Y.



It Might Be You. By RUTH ADAMS KNIGHT. Doubleday & Company, \$2.00. This is a collection of stories to think about and to enjoy. THE AMERICAN GIRL story which called forth such an enormous response from readers, "Girl Without a Country?" is from this book, and there are seven other stories—each as good as that one—about boys and girls who lived at different times and in different lands and who suffered persecution or discrimination of one sort or another. As the author says, "Whether you are black, white, or yellow, Christian, pagan, Jew, Catholic, Gentile, or Protestant, conservative or radical, there was a time when you could have suffered for that identification." That is something to think about. You'll want the pleasure of reading the book because Miss Knight makes her characters so real that—whether it is a French boy fleeing for his life on St. Bartholomew's Eve or a modern Negro girl on a prize trip to Washington—you live their experiences with them.

North Winds Blow Free. By ELIZABETH HOWARD. William Morrow & Company, \$2.50. Elspeth McLaren sympathizes with the runaway slaves her father aided in his station on the Underground Railroad, but when he sold his farm to establish a settlement where fugitive Negroes could be helped to stand on their own feet, she was reluctant to leave her comfortable home, her friends, and good times for a cabin in the Canadian wilderness. Should she marry the prosperous young farmer, whose insensitivity often outraged her, and remain in the safe life she knew? During her father's absence she rescued a wounded slave and was swept by so wholehearted a desire to

aid these people that all else seemed unimportant. It was her acceptance of the Canadian adventure—danger and physical hardship but also an enabling experience in love and compassion—which brought to her side the fine young man who shared her convictions. Older girls will admire Elspeth's courage and understand her yearnings and hesitations.

The Fire Patrol. By DICKSON REYNOLDS. Thomas Nelson & Sons, \$2.00. Barry Elwell, Junior Forest Warden, has been promised his second and third year's tuition at the university if he earns his first year's fees, and wins the red-and-gold badge which means he has discovered and fought a forest fire. He jumps at a summer job helping to make fire trails, bridges, and lookouts, and has some breath-taking adventures in one of the worst forest fires in the Northwest. You'll enjoy the suspense and excitement in this book and the fine appreciation of the deep woods and the wildlife they harbor.

Boarding School. By REGINA WOODY. Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.50. Abby had lived abroad most of her life and had an exotic East Indian princess for a best friend, but her boarding-school experiences are realistic enough to have happened to any girl. Even as you or I, she has success with certain studies, difficulties with others, likes and dislikes among the girls who are a true-to-life group. There are teas and parties, basketball, punishments for rule-breaking, small triumphs and failures, such as you love to read about, plus a conflict with her roommate which has the reader rooting for Abby to wake up and give the girl a good jolt.

THE END

Turtable Tips

(Continued from page 3)

colorful cartoons. It will make a delightful Christmas gift for that younger brother or sister.

Concert

Suite Populaire Espagnole: Da Falla, and **Caprice Basque:** Sarasate, Isaac Stern, violin with Alexander Zakin, piano. The contrasting moods in the works of both composers afford the brilliant young violinist an excellent opportunity to display an amazing technical ability as well as a keen sensitivity in interpreting this beautiful Spanish music. Mr. Zakin, an equally superb artist on his instrument, provides accompaniments of matchless elegance and grace (Columbia).

Concerto in C Major for Violin, 'Cello Piano and Orchestra: Beethoven, New York Philharmonic, Walter. The "Triple" Concerto is one of Beethoven's lesser-known works. It is unique in that it is the only one of the composer's concertos in which there is more than one solo instrument. Although it does not have the massive power or show the maturity of the Eroica Symphony, upon which Beethoven worked during the same years the Concerto was being composed, nevertheless, it is a work of great force and expressiveness, with fascinating interplay among the solo instruments. Mr. Walter and the soloists, John Corigliano, violin, Leonard Rose, 'cello, and Walter Hendl, piano, give a memorable performance (Columbia).

THE END

THE AMERICAN GIRL

OPEN NOW! THE RECIPE EXCHANGE

Your AMERICAN GIRL Magazine is offering you an opportunity to have your very own cooking department and have your favorite recipe published. All entries for February must reach us by November 15.

Each month we'll announce in the magazine the kind of cookery to be featured in the next "Recipe Exchange." For February, it is to be main-course dishes, typical of a foreign country. So select your favorite recipe, test it once more for accuracy, and send it to us. Remember—the recipe must be one that you yourself have used successfully—one that you and your family especially enjoy.

JUDITH MILLER, our Cooking Editor, will test and judge the outstanding contributions which will appear in the magazine. For every entry that is printed The AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00.

Here are the rules. Follow them carefully.

1. Recipes must be typewritten or neatly printed in ink, on one side of the paper only.
2. In the upper right-hand corner of the page, state your name, address, age, and the source of your recipe.
3. List ingredients in the order of use in the recipe, and give level measurements. If any special techniques are involved, describe them fully.
4. All recipes submitted become the property of The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. If your recipe is published in the magazine, you will receive a check for \$1.00. Decisions of the judge are final.
5. Address all entries to Judith Miller, American Girl Magazine, 30 West 48th Street, New York 19, New York.

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"Dear

American Girl!"



All aboard for Sweden! Virginia Johnson, seventh from left, writes about her experience

Here, in their own words, a pair of Senior Girl Scouts tell you about their exciting summer experiences. The first letter is from a Philadelphia girl who traveled to Sweden to camp with Guides and Scouts of seventeen nations. Second is a letter from a Curacao Scout who attended the Western Hemisphere Encampment in Michigan.—THE EDITOR.

HI SCOUTS! Is your left hand ready? It's the only passport you need to a world of Scouting friendship and international good will. Among the nations of the world, there's a lot of talk today based on that idea—international good will—but you belong to an organization that does something about it! An organization that is active and sincere in trying to promote friendship and understanding through such means as international encampments. This summer, in Straken, Sweden, there was just such an encampment, and I was lucky enough to be one of the fifteen Scouts chosen to represent the U.S.A. So, if you'll settle back in your chair, I'd like to tell you about our experience.

On the morning of July nineteenth we steamed out of New York harbor, past the Statue of Liberty, and finally were on our way. Our converted troop ship, the S. S. Marine Shark, carried about five hundred and fifty passengers, and the wonderful voyage to England seemed to fly by. So did our exciting week of sightseeing in London!

Then by train and boat and train and boat again, we traveled through Holland, Germany, and Denmark to Malme, Sweden. Two more trains brought us to the whistle stop of Straken, where we clambered off the train and were greeted by the laughing, friendly, "Hej, Hej's" of about thirty Swedish Guides. Right from that minute we were made welcome, and as they helped us lug our duffel down to the camp, we knew that we weren't for-

eigners but fellow Scouts. Round a bend in the road we got our first thrilling view of Strakenlagret—our home for the next ten days. The camp site was a huge meadow surrounded by tall, stately pines and birches; literally covering this area from end to end were row upon row of tents and tents, big ones, small ones, round ones—every type imaginable.

The camp was set up on a very excellent system. There were three thousand Scouts and Guides, representing seventeen countries from all over the world, from Iceland to South Africa. The Swedish Guides numbered about twenty-five hundred. We were divided into villages, called "Bys" in Swedish. These *Bys* were named for the provinces of Sweden, such as Varnland and Dalerna, and each was

composed of four Swedish groups and one foreign one. In the village square, or center of the area, the foreign flag and the Swedish flag flew side by side. We set up our seven small Army tents in Västergötland, and on either side of us were Finns and Norwegians.

Each day was filled with activities, from the first blast of reveille until the last note of taps had died away into the whispering tops of the pines, leaving the deep silence of a contented, sleeping camp. At the sound of the bugle the cooks and fire builders were up, starting our breakfast of porridge, milk, and Swedish bread and butter. The Swedes who weren't cooks began their day with ten minutes of brisk calisthenics. (That was

(Continued on page 49)

Cora Schotborgh, of Curacao, dancing in native costume at the Michigan encampment



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Let's be friends forever! 'Tis the right season to start a friendship book, a jolly reminder of special pals! Gay, colorful cover holds 30 pages, printed in snappy red, for pasting in snaps and jotting down personal data. Green spiral binding.
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ALL OVER THE MAP

• Twenty-six Senior Girl Scouts of Springfield, Missouri, recently enrolled in a driver-training program conducted by the Springfield Police Department, in co-operation with the Girl Scout Council, the Fellini-Dukewits Motor Company, and the Auto Club of Missouri. The course, a stiff one, included classroom work from the textbook "Sportsmanlike Driving," special reports on assigned subjects, the study of Missouri State and City traffic regulations, visual aid in traffic, reflex tests on various machines, some "under the hood" instruction, plus actual behind-the-wheel training in a dual-control driver-training car for girls sixteen and over. Classes, which were under the direction of the local Police Department, met weekly, and careful records were kept on the aptitude and attitude of each girl. The news editor of one of the radio stations took a ride with a beginning group and used the story to show how the Springfield Girl Scouts were trying to diminish automobile fatalities through the driver-training program.

When it was all over, the girls gave a picnic for their parents, the press, and the Chief of Police, at which the Mayor—on behalf of the police department—presented certificates to the finalists. A buffet supper was served, and table decorations made by the

girls carried out the theme of the evening. Long tables were covered with brown wrapping paper painted to look like a black-top road. Intersections were marked out, light signals made, and highway and street signals devised. The facsimile signs were mounted on slender sticks and stuck into muddrops. A huge ham bore a sign, "Man at Work," potato chips warned of "S Curves," and other foods were labeled "Danger! Food Under Consumption." In a serious evaluation of the program, all who participated felt it had been so successful that a new class is being organized.

• Here's another example of the cooperation given to Girl Scouts by a police department. In Ottumwa, Iowa, as part of their proficiency badge program, the Girl Scout Program Committee made it possible for fifty girls to sign up for a safety course in order to earn their cyclist badges. Scouts from all four sections of the city participated, and the Commissioner of Public Safety co-operated in every way possible to make the badge work interesting as well as helpful. To celebrate the completion of requirements, a field day was held at the local high school football field. Each section of the city was represented by a different

combination of colors, and the Scouts decorated their bicycles accordingly. They made a gay procession as—their colors whirling and flying—they started from a central point for the field with a specially detailed police escort!

• Girl Scouts of Richmond, Virginia report that one of the most exciting programs of the year is the marking of two nature trails in Forest Hill Park and Bryan Park. Work was begun by day campers in co-operation with the City Parks and Recreation Division. Under the direction of a nature expert, the older Intermediate Scouts hiked along the trails—studying trees, rocks, and permanent shrubs. Reference books provided further information needed by the Scouts for making the proper signs—redwood with the words burned on with an electric needle and then weatherproofed. The project is a continuing one, with every interested troop hiking through the area, making more labels for interesting trees, shrubs, and the like, and nailing them up with rustproof nails. Finally, a large sign will be hung at the beginning of each trail to tell how long it takes to walk it and that this project was started in 1949 by Richmond Girl Scouts.



Senior Girl Scouts of Springfield, Missouri, who participated in an automobile driver-training program, with one of their two instructors

Below: The President of the Girl Scouts, Mrs. C. Vaughan Ferguson, with movie-star Margaret O'Brien. Margaret stars in a Scout movie

• **If you missed** seeing the movie trailer, "Come Along With the Girl Scouts" which was widely shown in theaters all over the country during Girl Scout Week, keep on watching for it, as it will continue to be shown for some time. The film was produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and stars Margaret O'Brien. Margaret plays the part of a girl who watches a Girl Scout troop picnicking and playing games. (Thirty Girl Scouts of the Los Angeles area took part.) She pleads with the leader to be admitted into the troop. The leader, played by Nancy Davis, a new, young, M-G-M star, explains that new troops must be started for the many girls who are waiting to be Girl Scouts, and that new troops require new leaders. The audience is then appealed to for volunteers. An interesting sidelight to the film is that Margaret O'Brien is herself on a troop waiting list in Los Angeles and is waiting her turn to join the Girl Scouts just like so many other girls.

Margaret has a lot of Girl Scout interests—loves animals (she has three dogs, one of them the son of Lassie), and her drawing and painting show she is an artist of some promise.

• **"How do you feel** Girl Scouting can promote world friendship?" Send us your answer to that question—and perhaps it will be printed in the February AMERICAN GIRL! Swedish Girl Guides are also being invited to submit letters on this subject, and, according to present plans, two Swedish letters and two letters by Girl Scouts of the U. S. A. which best express the thought of how Girl Scouting can promote world friendship will be selected for publication in the February issue. The American girls whose letters are chosen will be put in touch with

the Swedish letter writers and, if they wish, may exchange interesting souvenirs typical of their countries. Why not have a voice in this interesting exchange of opinion, the plan for which grew out of correspondence with a Swedish youth leader who was a counselor at the international encampment at Straken last summer? Don't forget—your letter must tell how you feel Girl Scouting can promote world friendship; it should not be longer than four hundred words; it should be typewritten or clearly written in ink; and it must reach us by December first. Judging will be based mainly on the ideas expressed. Address your letters to "World Friendship," THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine, 30 West 48th Street, New York 19, New York. Be sure to give us your name, address, age, and Girl Scout troop number. Letters will not be acknowledged, and become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL magazine.

• **One of the two** American representatives of the Girl Scouts to attend celebrations for the fifteenth anniversary of Girl Guiding in Guatemala was Marian MacIntosh, a Senior Girl Scout of Miami, Florida. Marian—whose interesting diary of her trip has just reached us—reports that the organization of Guias (as Guides are called in Guatemala) is small (the great majority live in Guatemala City) but extremely busy with community service both at the Orphanage and at the home of the blind where inmates are taught Braille by Guias who have first mastered it themselves. During the recent revolution in Guatemala, Guias also helped in the hospitals, doing whatever was required of them to assist the wounded and ill. For the ten days of her visit, Marian stayed with the Commissioner of Guiding, and this hos-

pitable home, with a plant-filled patio, was the departure point for sightseeing tours which included the "Mercado" (market place), the resort of Lake Amatitlán, the Presidential Palace, cathedrals, museums and monasteries—not to mention a gay fiesta in honor of the Anniversary. At a last banquet, the American and Guatemalan girls exchanged their Girl Scout and Girl Guide pins as tokens of the visit.

• **Twenty-four** Intermediate Girl Scouts—members of Troop 16, in Sterling, Illinois—sold greeting cards, held a food sale and a paper drive, and raised enough money to buy uniforms for every girl! As you can see by the photograph of nineteen of them below (and as these Illinois girls say themselves) a group of Girl Scouts in spandy new uniforms is a lovely sight! They were delighted to discover that being a uniformed troop presented opportunities for community service that troops without uniforms did not have. This enterprising group paid for their year's dues with proceeds from a waste-fat drive, made infant layettes and presented them to needy families in their city, helped with an annual infantile paralysis drive, organized themselves as a musical chorus to sing at different functions in their community, and furnished hospitals and nursing homes with tray favors for the patients. Eleven of the members of this troop became First Class Scouts recently.

Each month, "All Over the Map" will bring you news of outstanding things being done by Girl Scouts. If your troop has any exciting plans afoot, or has recently undertaken any especially interesting project, write and tell us all the details (send photographs if you have them) so that we can pass the news on in these columns.

THE END

Headline News in Girl Scouting



Pan American World Airways

Girl Scout Marian MacIntosh,
an American representative to a
meeting of Guatemalan Guides

Left: Intermediate Girl Scouts of
Sterling, Illinois, earned money
to buy themselves full uniforms

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In top of double boiler:

Soften: 1 envelope Knox Gelatine

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Place over boiling water and stir until dissolved.

Add and mix well: $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

1 cup hot, salted, cooked rice

Chill until consistency of unbeaten egg whites.

Whip: 1 cup heavy cream, or $\frac{3}{4}$ cup icy cold evaporated milk

Stir in: 1 teaspoon vanilla extract

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup drained maraschino cherries cut into strips

Combine with the gelatine mixture. Turn into 3-cup mold. Chill. When firm, unmold. Decorate with whole cherries. Makes 6 servings.

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Party Calendar

(Continued from page 15)

RECIPES

BARBECUED BEEFBURGERS

1 cup oatmeal or dry bread crumbs	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk	2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	4 teaspoons dry mustard
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup minced onions	2 pounds ground beef
2 pounds ground beef	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon black pepper
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup Chili sauce	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses	$\frac{1}{3}$ cup vinegar
	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onions

Combine first four ingredients; let stand five minutes, and add ground beef. Mix well; shape into patties, and place in heavy skillet to brown on both sides. Combine remaining ingredients; pour over beefburgers, and simmer (uncovered) 10 minutes. Yield: 18 beefburgers.

PUMPKIN PIE

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar	2 cups cooked mashed pumpkin
1 tablespoon flour	3 eggs
1 teaspoon cinnamon	1 cup undiluted evaporated milk
1 teaspoon ginger	9" unbaked pie crust
$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon cloves	$\frac{1}{3}$ cup unsulphured molasses
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	
$\frac{1}{3}$ cup unsulphured molasses	

Turn heat on oven and set regulator 400° F. Combine first six ingredients. Add molasses and pumpkin. Beat in eggs. Add milk; mix well and pour into 9" pan, lined with unbaked pastry. Bake 50 minutes in hot oven (400° F.). Yield: One 9" pie.

DEVILED TUNA

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	Dash Tabasco
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour	2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper	2 cups flaked tuna fish
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon chili powder	1 tablespoon minced parsley
few grains cayenne	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups buttered bread crumbs
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk	

Melt butter, combine flour, salt, pepper, chili powder and cayenne. Blend with butter. Add milk. Stir over low heat until smooth and thick. Add Worcestershire sauce, tabasco, tuna fish and parsley. Spoon into ramekins. Top with buttered crumbs. Bake in a hot oven (400°) 10 minutes. Serves 6.

MOCHA MILK

For each serving, combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot coffee with 2 teaspoons of chocolate syrup. Blend well and chill. Pour into tall glasses and fill with milk.

CHICKEN MUFFINS

2 cups diced cooked chicken, or two 6-oz. cans	minced parsley
	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 cup soft bread crumbs	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped onion	2 eggs
2 tablespoons finely chopped pimento	1 cup milk
2 tablespoons	3 tablespoons melted margarine

Combine all ingredients and mix well. Pour into 6 muffin pans which have been greased with melted margarine. Bake in a moderate oven (350°) 35 to 40 minutes. Serve with cranberry sauce. Yield: 6 servings.

TOMATO GEL SALAD (See August, 1949, AMERICAN GIRL)

YELLOW LAYER CAKE

½ cup margarine	3 cups sifted flour
1 ½ cups sugar	3 teaspoons baking powder
1 ½ teaspoons vanilla	¾ teaspoon salt
3 eggs	1 ½ cups milk

Cream margarine with sugar and vanilla until light. Add eggs, one at a time, beating light and fluffy after each is added. Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Add to creamed mixture with half the milk and stir smooth. Add remaining flour and mix only until batter looks creamy—then stop mixing. Grease two 9" round cake pans with melted margarine and line bottoms with waxed paper. Pour batter into pans. Bake in moderately hot oven (375°) 30 to 35 minutes. Remove from oven, let stand 5 minutes, then remove from pans and cool. Put layers together with Shiny Chocolate Frosting, then frost top and sides. If this is a birthday celebration decorate with appropriate number of candles.

SHINY CHOCOLATE FROSTING: Melt 3 tablespoons margarine and 3, 3-ounce squares unsweetened chocolate in saucepan. Add ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 ½ cups sifted confectioners sugar and 1 ½ teaspoons vanilla. Stir until creamy. Add 3 ½ tablespoons boiling water and beat until smooth.

GAMES

Cinderella Kickoff: Girls line up at one end of room; boys at the other. At a signal, each girl kicks her right shoe off and into center. Boys dance with the girls whose slipper they retrieve.

Pin the Football: This one is just like pin the tail on the donkey, but the blindfolded players must attempt to pin a cardboard football right over the center of the goal posts, drawn in reasonable facsimile on brown wrapping paper or on an old sheet.

Forward Pass Dance: A cut-in dance, fall fashion! Provide one stag with a football. This boy then cuts in on any girl, passing the ball to her partner. He, in turn, must cut in on another girl by presenting the football to the boy with whom she's dancing.

Toy Football Tossup: Seat the guests in a circle, and choose one person to stand in the center, holding a toy football. He says the name of some object, at the same time tossing the ball to one of the players in the circle who must catch the ball and say a related word immediately. (Example: "Snow" — "Skis," "Turkey" — "Stuffing.") If he fails to respond into the center of the circle he goes!

Autumn Corn Hunt: Play this like a peanut hunt except that players collect hidden candy corn. At a whistle blast or other signal they must stop dead in their tracks or be disqualified from continuing the hunt.

Fill in the Words: Give each player a pencil and paper, then announce a long word. Players write the letters of this word in a column down the left-hand side of the paper. Down the right-hand side they spell the same words backwards, so that the letters in the left and right columns are in reverse order. The point of the game is to fill in words

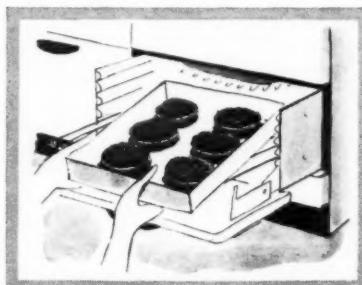


Mom's Night Off!

The family (especially the male members) will love ONIONBURGER SANDWICHES, and love you for making them!



1. Mix together: 1 ½ lbs. ground beef, ½ c. Real Mayonnaise, ¼ tsp. salt and a few dashes of pepper.



3. Place in a pan in preheated broiler. Broil three to four minutes on each side. (Yield: 6 Onionburger Sandwiches.)



2. Divide meat into 12 four-inch patties. Place thin onion slices on six patties, and top with the six remaining patties.



4. Serve with heated canned beans and lettuce and tomato salad. Top salad with a tablespoonful of Real Mayonnaise.

and hamburger so juicy and flavorful.

And Real Mayonnaise is a treat with salads—served plain or varied! It can be mixed with fruit juice, whipped cream, soft cheeses, French dressing or chili sauce . . . and it won't turn watery! Best Foods or Hellmann's Real Mayonnaise contains no starchy filler. It's all Real Mayonnaise! Good so many ways!

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Are you in the know?



At a large party, how should you introduce a late guest?

"Everybody—this is Jim Brown" Give him the gauntlet routine Lead him to the nearest group

Would you like being tossed to a sea of unfamiliar faces? Or run the gauntlet, mumbling "how-d'you-do's"? Be a considerate hostess. Guide newcomers to the nearest group. Let them get to know your guests by easy stages. And at calendar time

ever think how considerate Kotex is, of you? Yes, because with those flat pressed ends, Kotex prevents revealing outlines. And because that special safety center gives you extra protection, all the evening's an "easy stage" for you!



Should a present for her Sigh Man be—

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- Strictly for laughs

Come any "what to give him" occasion—your beau'll welcome some little remembrance that says *you*. Maybe a wallet equipped with your picture. Or mittens you've knitted to match your own, in your school colors. Or a box of your chocolate chip cookies. It's the personal angle, not price, that counts. You know . . . at certain times, with Kotex you can have really "personalized" sanitary protection. For one of the 3 absorbencies is sure to meet your own personal needs. Try Regular, Junior, Super Kotex!



To keep your formal frock outstanding—

- Wear a willless petticoat
- Dance more waltzes
- Avoid sitting down

Dig up an old bed sheet you can presto-change to a petticoat. Make it in three tiers, ruffle edged. Starched to a stand-alone stiffness—voila!—this petticoat holds its shape. For comfort (on "those" days) you'll want softness that holds its shape. Choose the new Kotex—made to stay soft while you wear it. And don't forget the new Kotex Wonderform Belt made with DuPont nylon elastic. Won't twist, won't curl, won't cut! Light weight; dries in a flash. Keeps your confidence wilt-proof!



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3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

beginning and ending with the letters which stand opposite one another. (Example: If the word is "Thanksgiving," the first filled-in word must begin with a "T" and end with a "G.") The speediest player wins.

Indoor Horseshoes: Of heavy cardboard (perhaps you'll need to paste several layers together) cut four horseshoes, painting or crayoning two red and two black. For a peg, use a sawed-off broomstick nailed to a flat board. Follow the rules for outdoor horseshoes, playing singles or partners.

Musical Spelldown: Play the opening strains of a popular record. The first guest to guess the name of the song gets one point and the first to guess the orchestra gets one point. At the end of fifteen minutes give a small prize to the high-point girl or boy.

Lost-Time Hunt: Let the girls choose partners, then announce, "Everyone has lost a lot of time since school began, and now you'll have a chance to find it." Then the hunt for small slips of paper, marked with periods of time (ten seconds, two hours, twenty-five minutes, etc.) which have been hidden around the house in advance. The couple who finds the largest total of time wins.

Who Am I?: Write the names of famous people in history and public life on slips of paper, and distribute one to each guest. In turn, and without speaking, each one acts out his character as best he can. Supply a pile of simple props: sheets, newspapers, hats, beads, etc.) No prizes, but this can be hilarious.

Huff and Puff: Supply each player with a Mason jar, into which three one-inch squares of tissue paper have been placed, and stand the jars on a table. At a signal, each player begins to blow the papers out of his jar without touching it in any way. The first to succeed is the winner.

Choose Your Partners: Each boy writes his name on a small slip of paper, puts it in a deflated balloon, which is then blown up. All together now, the boys shoot their balloons into the air, and each girl grabs for one. By breaking the balloon, she finds the name of her partner for the next dance!

THE END

ATTENTION RECIPE COLLECTORS!

Want more of the same? You can get it by writing for the twenty-fourth American Girl Recipe File, full of party menus and recipes. First through twenty-third folders are still available too. Send us 6c for each folder you want and don't forget to enclose a large, self-addressed, stamped envelope for every two folders ordered. If you want an American Girl looseleaf binder to hold all your Recipe Files, send 65c in stamps, check, or money order. Use handy coupon below for ordering, and circle the item you want.

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Don't forget to enclose your stamped envelope!

MAIL TO:

THE AMERICAN GIRL
Cookbook Dept.

155 East 44th St., New York City 17

NOVEMBER, 1949

Call Me Cleo

(Continued from page 7)

discusses with another. But Trudie was too tired, cold, and sore to do much talking.

As Bert let her out at her house, he asked, "What kind of a gun does Lim Crombo shoot?"

"One like yours," she told him wearily. "Honest?" He was pleased as he drove off.

Trudie crept into the house and up to her room. After she'd taken off her wet clothes and thrown herself on the bed, she saw that it was only eight o'clock. Why, it seemed years had passed since that alarm had rung! But she would be a Glamour Girl tomorrow!

Did you, Trudie Martin, get a date with a prominent man?"

"Yes," replied Trudie, through her cold-stopped nose, "with Bert Landon."

"Satisfactory. And where did you go?"

"Duck hunting."

The perfumed, beautifully coiffured Glamour Girls giggled, then burst into laughter.

"It wasn't funny," Trudie wailed. "I caught a cold. And look at my shoulder. It's all black and blue."

As the laughter died down, the chief Glamour Girl lined up all the initiates and in solemn tones told them, "You have performed the first of your duties well, but, we, the Ancient Order of Glamour Girls need further proof of your ability. The only way to become a full-fledged Glamour Girl is to get another date with the same man."

"Oh, no," protested Trudie, "I couldn't endure another duck hunt!"

"Sorry, Trudie, that's the rule of the club. It's another date with Bert or else."

Trudie trudged home, weary and sick at heart. Was it worth it? she wondered. But if she backed out now, the whole school would laugh at her. Life was a nightmare; the world was against her. Another duck hunt with Bert. Oh, no! And, besides, he probably wouldn't take her.

She went into the living room and lay down on the couch. When Tom came into the room she turned her face to the wall.

The phone rang, and her mother answered.

"It's Bert," she called.

"Okay, Mother, I'm coming," Tom answered.

"But he wants to talk to Trudie, not you, Tom."

He's probably found out that I fibbed about Tom not being able to go hunting, and about Lim Crombo, Trudie thought as she dragged herself to the phone. Well, let him tell her off. She was too tired to care.

"Hello," she said wearily.

"Hi, Trudie," came over the wire in a decidedly friendly tone, "How are you?"

"Okay," she answered listlessly.

"Well," he hesitated a little, "I was just wondering—"

"Wondering what?" Trudie's voice was still unresponsive.

"Well," it came with a rush, "would you go to the show with me tonight?"

For a moment Trudie could not comprehend. Then the wonderful, beautiful truth came to her. He was asking for a date, and it wasn't duck hunting!

"Oh, Bert," she answered, "I'll be ready whenever you say."

As she hung up the phone her weariness was gone. "Just Call Me Cleo," she murmured as she ran upstairs.

THE END

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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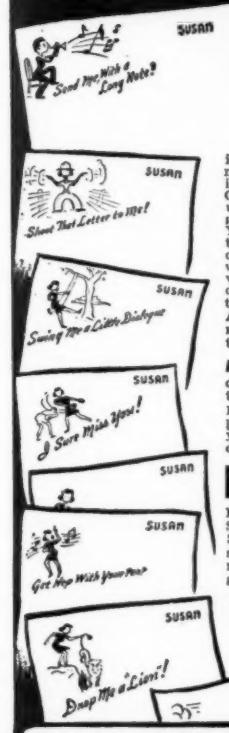


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Sell only 100 special Xmas card deals. Your cost only 75¢ each regardless of number of cards you sell. Your PROFIT \$1 on each and every deal! Write today for details of complete line. Mail order. No capital required. Costs nothing to try! Feature boxes on approval.

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DORIS	DOROTHY
EILEEN	ELAINE
ELEANOR	ETHEL
ERIN	FLORENCE
FRANCES	GRACE
HELEN	IRENE
JANE	JEAN
JOAN	JOYCE
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LOUISE	LUCILLE
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Sealed Beam Headlight
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NOW you can have a Delta automotive-type **SEALED BEAM** headlight on your bike! This new light throws a brilliant beam, 5 feet wide. It lights the road as much as 50 feet ahead. No air, dirt, or moisture can get in—reflector and lens are fused together! With average use, you'll get months of light on one standard 6-volt lantern battery, sold everywhere. It's good looking—sturdy—economical. Fits any bike. See your bicycle dealer!

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City Zone State
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Jokes

DEXTERITY

JOE: You hammer nails like lightning.
MIKE: You mean I'm fast?

JOE: No, you never strike twice in the same place.

Sent by HELEN REZENDES, Redland, California

TRANSPARENT

BOY: Dad, can I have some money to go window shopping?

DAD: Why do you need money for window shopping?

BOY: I'm shopping for Mrs. Jones' window.

Sent by JUDY MADORSKY, University Heights, O.

SUPERSTITIOUS BOY

WILLY: Is it bad luck to have a cat follow you?

DILLY: It all depends on whether you're a man or a mouse.

Sent by ESTHER AVITIA, Corcoran, California

HARD FACTS

MARGE: It took eight sittings.

PEG: What? Are you having your portrait painted?

MARGE: No, learning to skate.

Sent by PATTY HARMAIN, Birmingham, Mich.

BRIGHT THOUGHT

MRS. JONES: I sent my little boy for two pounds of plums. You sent me only a pound and a half.

GROCER: Madam, my scales are right. But have you weighed your little boy?"

Sent by
FLORETTE DE RIEMACKER,
Detroit, Michigan

PERFECT SCORE

GIRL (at her first ball game): "Oh, what a wonderful pitcher. Every time he throws the ball, he hits the bat."

Sent by
MONTELLA FANT,
Durant, Oklahoma

SUCH A NOISE!

BILLY: If you put three ducks into a crate, what would you have?

WILLY: I don't know. What?

BILLY: A box of quackers.

Sent by
MARGIE KINKADE,
Sequim, Washington

LIFE WITH LIL



"I want a friendly one."

UNREASONABLE

Johnny was asked by his mother to amuse his little brother and to do anything to keep him quiet. Suddenly, loud roars came from the back yard.

"Johnny," said his mother, "Didn't I tell you to do anything your brother wanted?"

"Sure, Mom," said Johnny. "But now that I've dug the hole he wanted, he wants me to bring it into the house."

Sent by DOROTHY BORDEAUX, Cohoes, N. Y.

POOR TRITON

JERRY: Why is the sea so restless?

PEGGY: Why?

JERRY: Because it has rocks in its bed.

Sent by JOHNELLE THOEDER, Houston, Texas

COMPETITION?

JACK: On our farm we have a hen that laid an egg six inches long.

MAC: In our town we can beat that.

JACK: How?

MAC: With an egg beater.

Sent by MARTHA BENNETT, Wilmington, N. C.

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.

by Merrylen

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Our November Fashions Are at the Following Stores

PRIZE PURCHASE

Shown on page 19

City and State	Store
Altoona, Pa.	Wm. F. Gable Co.
Asheville, N. C.	Bon Marche
Atlantic City, N. J.	M. E. Blatt Co.
Austin, Tex.	Yaring's
Baltimore, Md.	Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Abraham & Straus
Burlington, Ia.	J. S. Schramm Co.
Chicago, Ill.	The Fair
Clearfield, Pa.	Leitzinger Bros.
Cleveland, O.	Halle Bros.
Denver, Colo.	May Co.
Detroit, Mich.	Hudson's
Harrisburg, Pa.	Pomeroy's
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox & Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.	H. P. Wasson
Lehighton, Pa.	Cohen's Dept. Store
Memphis, Tenn.	Goldsmith's
Minneapolis, Minn.	Baker Co.
Newark, N. J.	Bamberger's
New York, N. Y.	McCreery's
Philadelphia, Pa.	Gimbels
Portsmouth, Va.	Sears, Betty & Bob
Providence, R. I.	Gladding's
Roanoke, Va.	Heironimus

Rochester, N. Y.	B. Forman	Franklin Simon
Seattle, Wash.	Frederick & Nelson	Meier & Frank
Sioux City, Ia.	Younker Davidson's	Thalhimer's
Springfield, Ill.	Myers Bros.	B. Forman
Springfield, Mass.	Albert Steiger Co.	Famous-Barr
Troy, N. Y.	Wm. H. Frear & Co.	Schunemann's
Washington, D. C.	Woodward & Lothrop	Frederick & Nelson

THE COVER DRESS

Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler Bros.
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Dallas, Tex.	A. Harris
Detroit, Mich.	Hudson's
Newark, N. J.	L. Bamberger
New Orleans, La.	Maison Blanche

THE COVER HAT

Cincinnati, Ohio	Shillito's
Cleveland, Ohio	Higbee Co.
Houston, Tex.	Foley Bros.
Los Angeles, Calif.	May Co.
Miami, Fla.	Burdine's
Newark, N. J.	L. Bamberger
New Orleans, La.	D. H. Holmes

OUR NOVEMBER COVER

For holiday dances, brown-eyed Betty Braley, whom you've met on other AMERICAN GIRL covers, wears taffeta with a tapestry design in a full-skirted dress by Sandra Lee. Note the velvet wing collar, the velvet sleeve and pocket trim. In sixteen sizes 10-14, about \$13. "Ermine Frappe" is the name of Betty's flattering bunny-fur coat, trimmed with real ermine tails. By Douglas of California, about \$3. The hat and dress may be bought at the stores listed above. Cuffed cotton gloves are by Wear Right.



Dear American Girl

(continued from page 40)

one of their customs we never quite picked up.) Breakfast was followed by Colors—a ceremony the groups took turns in planning. It was a thrilling sight to look out over the meadow and see the flags of many nations ascend the poles and leap to catch the breeze, flapping and waving in symbolic splendor.

From ten to eleven in the morning, and four to five in the afternoon, everyone went to fascinating interest groups, such as folk dancing, hike techniques, straw work, singing, orienteering, swimming, radio techniques, or gymnastics. My choices were folk dancing and singing, and it was great fun waltzing up a hill with a Swedish partner all dressed up in her colorful costume. We learned dances and songs of many lands.

Our meals consisted of good solid food with plenty of meat, fish, potatoes, milk, and cheese. Many of the dishes were strange to us, such as *Kollops*, bilberry soup, and sour-milk pudding, but we tried them all and found that we liked almost everything.

Between meals and interest groups and swimming in the beautiful but ice-cold lake, we'd often congregate in a tent until the sides were bulging. These were wonderful sessions, and it was here that we got to know each other best. Perhaps you'd be sitting in your tent when two or three blonde heads would peek in, and with a laughing "*Hej! Hej!*" and "Come on in," we'd be singing and talking together. Quite a few of the girls had had one or two years of English, so we all got on very well. We became quite proficient in sign language too, and soon learned a lot of their expressions. Our favorite was "*Tack*," which meant "Thanks," and everything was done with a *tack tack* here and a *tack tack* there. It didn't surprise you either to hear a Swedish girl yell "Yippee," or slip in a "Keen."

In the evenings there were campfires, either for the whole camp or in the separate units. Our large campfires were always very impressive and beautiful, even though often we could not understand the talks or skits. It was a perfect spot for *lagerböles* (campfires) with the council fire down in a hollow, shooting up sparks into the sky, and three thousand Scouts sitting en masse on the sloping rise. There was a microphone in the center, and every spoken word could be heard clearly. You might find yourself sitting between a Belgian Scout and an Italian, and perhaps sitting next to them a German or French Guide. These were times of close comradeship—one of the best of the day.

Visitor's Day at camp was really an experience in itself. People came in droves—by car, bicycle, and sightseeing bus—and were everywhere. They stood around in crowds, watching every move we made and asking all kinds of interested questions.

Sweden's Chief Guide, Countess Bernadotte, or Paki, was pretty much the head of the camp, and we all certainly liked her. Lady Baden-Powell visited the camp too, and gave a very inspiring talk at one of the campfires.

At Strakenlagret we had a good chance to observe the way other Guides camp. We were all impressed with their methods and how much emphasis was placed on the out-of-doors in their Scouting program. They have a wonderful knowledge of the woods and really know a lot about compass work, recognizing plants, trees, animals, and using knives and axes.

When the time came to leave Strakenlagret and all our friends, there was a certain amount of sadness, but there was a satisfaction too, in knowing that the memory of those ten days will always remain with us, a living symbol of the international bond of friendship in Scouting. When I think of the

girls in that camp now, I don't think of Swedish Scouts, or Belgian Scouts, or Swiss Guides. They are Bergitta, Flo, and Analise—girls who like the things I like, who laugh with me and work and sing with me, and who I feel are my real friends. For we were not people from different nations trying to pick out differences in one another, but warm, friendly Scouts sharing a comradeship in camping together.

These have been my thoughts in reliving our wonderful experience, and I hope you've enjoyed sharing them with me.

Sincerely,

VIRGINIA JOHNSON

Dear American Girl:

This year the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund again made it possible for eighty-three Senior Girl Guides and Girl Scouts of fourteen different countries of the Western Hemisphere to meet together in an International Encampment near Muskegon, Michigan. As a representative from Curacao, Netherlands West Indies, I am grateful for the wonderful opportunity to visit the United States and to meet sister Scouts of so many places in the Western Hemisphere.

The camp officially opened on the twenty-second of July, but for us the fun already had started when we arrived in Chicago, a few days before, and had a grand time sightseeing and even being filmed by Warner Bros. for the picture, "Women of Tomorrow." This took about two hours. Though we enjoyed acting, we were glad to stop "smiling at nothing" and get on the bus for camp.

We arrived around dinnertime and were welcomed very heartily by our American Scout sisters and taken to our units. In each unit, as far as possible, girls from different states and countries were brought together. In my unit, for instance, were represented:

Alaska, Connecticut, Curacao, Guatemala, Indiana, Michigan, Minnesota, New Mexico, Washington D. C., while our counselor was from Ohio. The girl from New Mexico was a Navajo—the first American Indian I have ever met—and there was also a Blackfoot Indian from Montana at the encampment.

Of course we had some trouble with the languages at first, but after a while we found some interpreters, and with the addition of funny faces and signs we soon understood each other quite well.

The camp—near the river, in a beautiful spot in Manistee National Forest—was really a primitive one. We used tents and slept in bedrolls on the ground, lashed wash stands and waste baskets, dug five- and six-foot drains, and cooked our own meals on open fires. Wood had to be chopped every day for cooking and the camp fires, but we really liked the work.

The shower was the pride and joy of our unit. Nothing modern about it, but we made it ourselves, and it worked fine. Flour sacks sewn together and wrapped around three trees formed the walls; it had a sliding door, and in the center we hung a watering can which could be lowered when it needed filling up. All you had to do to take a shower was to get under the can and keel it over.

THE program of activities covered many aspects of Scouting.

Our discussions, most of which were about traditions, social customs, and home life of the different countries, were of great interest. United States and Canadian girls were amazed to hear that in my country boys and girls never go out together unchaperoned, until they are officially engaged. When we go to a movie or dance, some older person comes with us—sometimes the whole family!

At camp we also discovered soon how little we knew about the Scouting programs

in other countries, and especially of the difficulties our organization has to face in some of the South American countries, where the movement is still very young. The meeting in which we discussed our camp theme, "Friendship Builds a Better World" gave us a lot of ideas to take home.

During our music sessions we learned many new songs and folk dances and played on shepherd pipes which we made ourselves out of bamboo stalks. This part of the program was very popular. Before breaking up camp all of us could sing "Mi Chacra" in Spanish, "Our Chalet Song" in French, and "Peace of the River" in English.

Sports, which consisted principally of swimming, canoeing, and hiking on the trails in the forest, provided us with much pleasure, and we learned all over again how much alike we really were.

The slumber parties and progressive supper parties were much fun. On the slumber parties two or three units got together for the night, and then we would abandon the tents and sleep around the campfire. We popped corn, joked, and talked about the next day's program.

I remember one night when it suddenly started to rain. The whole party jumped up and fled like frightened ghosts into the tents, dragging our belongings behind us. For the rest of the night we were packed together like sardines.

The next morning there were plenty of stiff limbs. One of the girls pulled out a leg which had been poking her in the ribs during the night and called out, "Whose?" A yard or so away a sleepy head appeared from under the pillows to claim the lost limb.

At least three times a week we had a general campfire, while the units built their own on the remaining days. Star Campfire was the most beautiful. Logs were placed on the ground to form a great burning star.

The planets and constellations of the heavens were pointed out, and campers told star legends and stories of their countries. The campfire closed, as they all did, with taps sung in English, French, and Spanish.

There were three visitors' days. The first was for Senior Scouts, and there were about two hundred callers who showed great interest in our camp. Many of them wished to stay on with us. The other two days were for outsiders. We expected some people of the neighboring cities, but were pleasantly surprised to see the parking space filled with cars from many states.

We toured the camp with our visitors, many of whom had never before seen a primitive camp in operation. Guest campers were dressed in typical costumes and were ready to answer visitor's questions.

I happened to have two different costumes with me but could not very well put them both on at the same time. So we took a broom, fattened it up with towels and sheets, and dressed it as a Curacao maid in complete Sunday ornate. As "Conchita Banana," she caused much amusement.

Looking back on our encampment, we find that these were three wonderful weeks which provided us with plenty of fun and friendship, taught us camp skills, and strengthened our faith in the great possibilities of our organization. If we can have such perfect understanding among individuals of so many different nations as were represented at Muskegon, understanding among governments cannot be considered unattainable. Surely it is our duty as the coming generation to live our Promise and Laws so that others may realize that we are earnestly seeking ways and means to reach this beautiful goal.

Sincerely,

CORA SCHOTBORG
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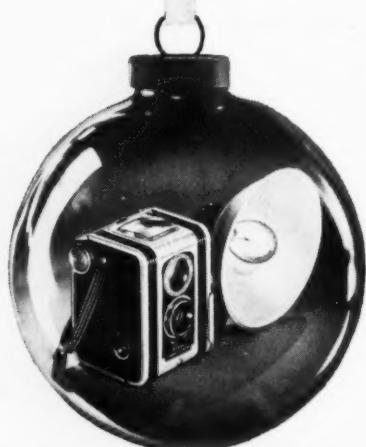
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